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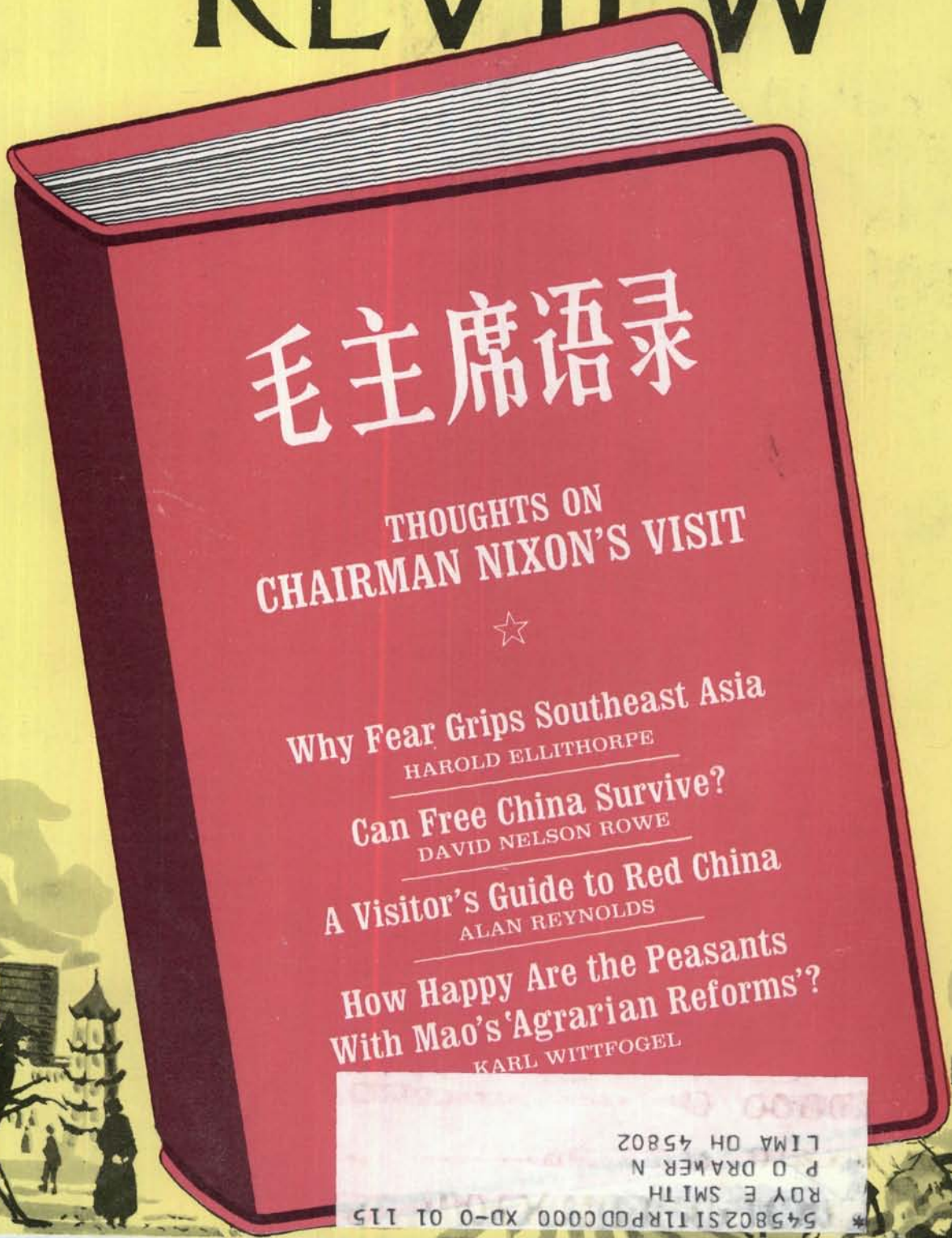
MARCH 3, 1972

# NATIONAL REVIEW

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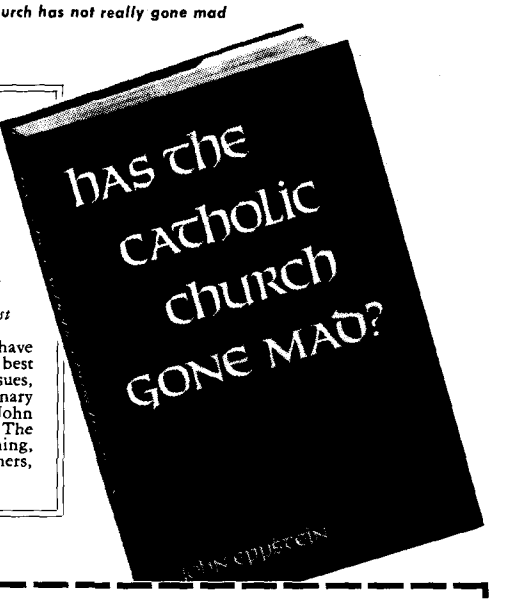


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# NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 8 MARCH 3, 1972

## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

*NR*'s Maximum Editor this week being off to Peking, and this being China Week nearly everywhere, *NR* here presents a Chinese Triptych—two on Communist China by **Alan Reynolds** and **Karl A. Wittfogel**, and one on the Republic of China by Yale's **David Nelson Rowe**, who has just returned from Taiwan. Alan Reynolds has read every—every!—report published by a visitor to China during the past year, and now undertakes a bit of de-mythologization. He is meanwhile working on a book about where the Federal Government should spend its (our) money and where it should not. . . . The pragmatic citizens of the Repubilc of China are very confident, thank you, reports Prof. Rowe, only they are now seeking "alternate sources of security" in case the U.S. decides to desert them. . . . Such desertion is exactly what other nations in Southeast Asia are worried about, says **Harold Ellithorpe**, six years in the region and finding the dominoes feeling more than ever like dominoes. . . . More than twenty years ago Russell Kirk burst upon the scene with *The Conservative Mind*, a major work and one of the initiating documents of the American conservative movement. Dr. Kirk's *Eliot and His Age*, another major work, is herein reviewed by **Vincent Miller**. . . . **D. Keith Mano**, who reviews Nabokov, O'Hara and Borges, is well along with the work on his sixth novel, which is pro-pollution. —J.H.

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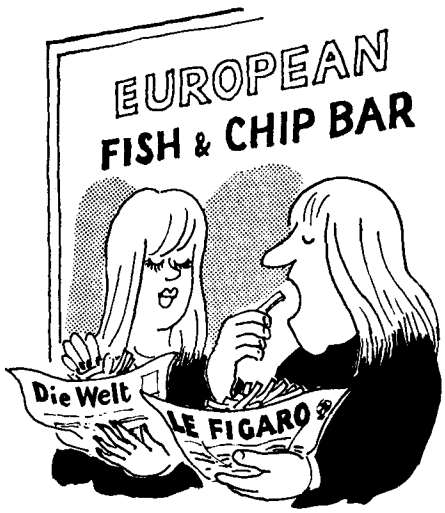
# FOR THE RECORD

■ Youth Vote: In mock primary at Concord (N.H.) High, students picked **McCloskey** over **Nixon**—but only by 209 to 190. . . . Nationwide poll of college students shows 44.4 per cent think Nixon's handling of his job is "good" or "very good" (figure last May was 28.8 per cent); only 16.8 per cent say it's "poor" (26.6 per cent last May). . . . That Word again: **George Romney**, stumping New Hampshire for Nixon, warned against Democrats who want to "brainwash" public into too-hasty Vietnam settlement. . . . Down in Florida, group of GOP bigwigs has formed "Committee To Restore the '68 Nixon by Voting for the '72 **Ashbrook**." . . . Columnist **Tom Braden** reports **American Airlines** suing **Gene McCarthy**, estate of **Robert Kennedy** for unpaid bills.

■ Pity the reporters: **Gloria Steinem** says she got sample of the legendary **Muskie** temper when she quizzed him about earlier support of Vietnam war. "How did this girl [sic] get in here?" the candidate bellowed. "Get her out of here!" . . . *N.Y. Times* reports when Muskie left a meeting with Philadelphia Mayor **Frank Rizzo** and entered an elevator, a newsman tried to follow. A Muskie aide told a plainclothes cop the newsman's presence "would be bothersome," whereupon the cop yanked the scribe out of the elevator and threw him to the floor. . . . **John Lindsay**'s campaign manager, **Richard Aurelio**, remains director of NYC's Off-Track Betting Corp. (which dishes out millions a year in city contracts). When a *N.Y. Post*man called to ask whether this might raise conflict-of-interest problems, Aurelio commented, "Go f- - - yourself" and hung up.

■ Hmmm! Now on sale in **Hong Kong** stores specializing in Red Chinese goods: A lucite cube imbedded in which is the American flag; turn it around and behold! the flag of **Communist China**. . . . Yugoslav dissident **Mihajlo Mihajlov** back in jail, for thirty days, for writing an essay in the *N.Y. Times*. And in Czechoslovakia, **Zdenek Sumavsky** got ten months for (the beast!) "an intentional effort to influence public opinion": He mailed out letters urging people to congratulate purged **Alexander Dubcek** on his fiftieth birthday.




Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph* Ben Roth

. . . Meanwhile, **Yevgeny Yevtushenko**, touring U.S., observes modestly: "The United States now terribly needs a writer who writes on an intellectual level and at the same time for the masses. You need your own Yevtushenko."

■ Washington Notes: Superliberal *Washington Post* reporter **Ken Clawson** named to staff of White House Communications Director **Herb Klein**. 'Twas Clawson who floated rumor that **Wm. F. Buckley** wouldn't be reappointed to USIA board because Nixon was cross with him over support of John Ashbrook (Buckley was reappointed). . . . Sen. **Karl Mundt** (R., S.D.), kept away from Senate 27 months by stroke, furious over GOP colleagues' move to strip him of committee posts. *Chicago Trib*'s **Willar Edwards** says **Carl Curtis** (R., Neb will do battle in Mundt's behalf. . . **Mike Gravel** (D., Alaska) wants Senat to pay costs of his legal efforts to pr vent a grand-jury probe of his publica tion of **Pentagon Papers**.

■ **Harrisburg Defense Committee** ou *of dough*: Has spent $375,000, says needs $200,000 more if trial last through May (which it will, at least Big item: $103,000 for attorney's fee despite services donated by big gun **Ramsey Clark, Paul O'Dwyer**, the lat **Francis X. Gallagher**. . . . **WNYC-TV** Fun City's municipally owned UHI station, broadcasting *Winter Soldier* hard-left propaganda film about U.S "atrocities" in Vietnam. . . . Gettin weird: **Black Panthers** say they'll set u factory in Oakland to manufacture *gol bags*. . . . **Alger Hiss** turned up at meet ing of Lawyers' Committee on Ameri can Policy towards Vietnam to prais **Daniel Ellsberg**'s "great courage an principle."

■ Meanwhile, on the Crazy Right (White) **Citizens Councils of America** bought big ad in *N.Y. Times*, featuring anti-Negro remarks by birthday boy **A. Lincoln**. . . . Willis Carto's **Liberty Lobby** raising subscription price of monthly newsletter to $5 (from $2). . . . Veteran antisemite **Gerald L. K. Smith** announces plans to recreate the Holy Land (35 shrines, plus Sea of Galilee and Jordan River) in Eureka Springs, Ark. Too many Zionists in the original?

■ Exchange in posh D.C. restaurant (as reported by *Washington Post*'s Maxine Cheshire). **Walter Cronkite**, to **Henry Kissinger** passing his table: "Why, Henry, I thought you'd be in Paris or Peking or someplace." Kissinger: "Kissinger is. I'm Howard Hughes in disguise."



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# LETTERS

## Ellul and Niemeyer

Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer does a beautiful job of showing Jacques Ellul's high scorn for Marxists and "Christian revolutionaries" ["Books," Feb. 4]. But he clouds the entire question by referring to Ellul as one who "hates Christianity." This, of a theologian with at least nine treatises on the Bible and theology under his belt, who has written the one interesting book on prayer in the last decade, and whose latest book to be translated is a magnificent meditation on the Book of Jonah!

In fact, Ellul is the most overlooked theologian of the decade. A member of the French Reformed Church, a lawyer and sociologist, a slippery cuss whom both Right and Left (politically and theologically) have vainly tried to capture for years, he is conceivably the most interesting (certainly the most difficult) writer around today. He is, quite possibly, the only living embodiment of that "genuine strain of revolution" in Christianity of which Whittaker Chambers wrote.

It is true that he can't stand the present stance of Christians, regardless of persuasion. But he ain't no atheist. He is one of the few Christian writers around worth arguing with.

*Valley Forge, Pa.* SHELDON M. SMITH

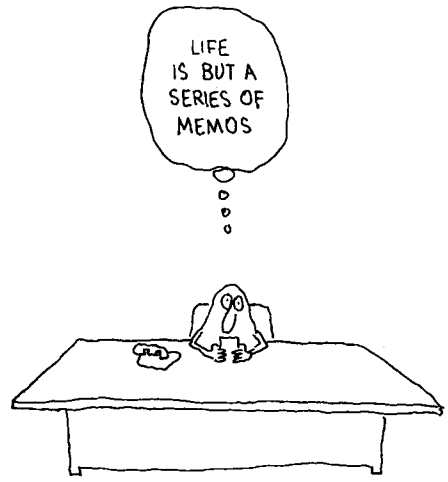
## Left Turn?

Re "The Open Question" [Feb. 18] on Selden Rodman's "What Drives Latin Americans Left?" [Dec. 3], I believe Mr. Rodman is more correct than Abraham Kalish. On the whole, Mr. Rodman's original article gave an accurate account by a North American of what is going on. But, like all Northerners, he cannot entirely grasp the situation.

Mr. Rodman did make a few minor factual errors, like stating that President Lanusse's "first official act was to appoint as Minister of Social Welfare a Perónist champion of labor and the unemployed." In fact, his first and sole Minister of Social Welfare is Francisco Manrique, a staunch anti-Perónist and one of the leaders of the first coup against the Perón regime. It is true that he talks in a very friendly manner with the Perónists (everyone does it nowadays, unfortunately), but that doesn't make him a Perónist.

But apart from errors such as that, he forgets one of the essential aspects of Latin America: We are Roman Catholics and as such consider capitalism and economic liberalism as anti-Christian—not intrinsically perverse, like Marxism, but anti-Christian. The real right wing down here follows the Church's social doctrine —from *Rerum Novarum* up to the letter to Cardinal Roy. When Mr. Rodman forgets this aspect, his whole account turns North American and not really Latin American. Capitalism and economic liberalism will never work down here unless they accept the Christian ideas of the common good and social justice.

Latin America is/was turning left? Uruguay and Bolivia now seem to have changed the pace. Next test: Argentina. Let us hope for the best. And the best will only come when the U.S. starts realizing that the development of Latin America is necessary to stop Communism, and so begins to help us, forgetting its imperialistic aims (because you have them, you know!). And it is I, a right-winger, who tell you this, without any shouts of Yankee go home!




*Buenos Aires* FEDERICO C. MASSOT

## Hughes' Ruse

"Who's Hughes?" indeed ["The Week," Feb. 4]! Are *youse* confused! Here is the simple truth: All these years an impostor has been pretending to be the real Howard Hughes. A man came to Irving pretending to be this real impostor. Irving was taken in by this fake impostor and gave him the checks. But an impostor of this phony imposter forged replicas of the checks and cashed them.

Obviously the writer of this letter does not wish his real identity to be known, and is therefore signing himself—

*Wilton, Conn.* HENRY HAZLITT

P.S. The above signature is a clumsy forgery.

## 1964 and 1972

I hate to be pedantic about it, but I believe William Buckley made an unwarranted logical inference in his column "1964 and 1972" [Dec. 3]. He seemed to infer from Proposition 1: "If a delegate was a conservative (i.e. Goldwaterite) in 1964, then he was a staunch Republican party man," that Proposition 2 is true "If a delegate is a staunch Republican party man in 1972, then he will be a conservative."

To infer Proposition 2 from Proposition 1 is to commit the Fallacy of Converse. It is to convert "A implies B" into "B implies A." Proposition 2 *may* be true, of course, but its truth does not follow from Proposition 1. Some additional evidence is needed.

*New Haven, Conn.* THEODORE S. VOELKEL

*The "evidence," formally required, is empirically abundant. Or so it seems . .*

—ED

## Congratulations

Congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW for the cover story, "Civil Disobedience" [Jan 21]. Congratulations to Sidney Hook, as well as to Ernest van den Haag.

Receiving the definitive in journalism is an unexpected delight, as well as profit.

*Joshua Tree, Calif.* HANS G. SCHROEDEL

Just a note to tell you how very much I enjoyed and appreciated the Christmas issue, with the article by Aloïse Buckley Heath ["Before You Say No . . .," Dec 31]. Sometimes NATIONAL REVIEW seems a bit heavy to me, but that article was *delightful*! I also particularly liked W. H von Dreele's poem on p. 1447:

"But now with William Rehnquist in
I'm managing a tiny grin."

*New York, N.Y.* MARIAN REESE

Your December 31 cover page alone was worth the price of the magazine. Please add a bonus to Mr. von Dreele's pay check!

*Los Altos, Calif.* MARCELLA HESKITT

## Free Speech

The following statement appeared in an *NR* editorial on William Rehnquist: "The First Amendment, read through the prism of the Fourteenth, can be taken as establishing a 'right' of 'free speech'—even though the Bill of Rights contains no reference to free speech" ["The Week," Dec. 3].

Well. My mind started whirling in mad confusion, as all the books and articles I had read about freedom of speech flashed before my eyes. I gasped, thinking of all the times I had performed a constitutional no-no by daring to speak my poor befuddled mind at will. How had I been so stupid as to think that the Founding Fathers could possibly have conceived of allowing people to run around Speaking?

Slowly, through a fog, I felt a small



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stab of hope. Perhaps I had read in some obscure letter to an obscure friend-of-a-Founding-Father something that indicated that Madison or SOMEBODY had entertained so radical an idea.

Eureka! To wit: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; *or abridging the freedom of speech*, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

*Fayetteville, N.C.* JOSEPH E. CALDWELL

*Okay. You are, of course, technically right. What we ought to have said is " . . . contains no* guarantee *of free speech."* —ED.

### Ms.? Miz!

Re your item on Gloria Steinem's new magazine *Ms.* ["For the Record," Dec. 3], here in the backward South, we have always addressed all women, indiscriminately, as "miz." If you don't believe me, just ask H. Allen Smith.

Now Ms. Steinem, you *know* you wouldn't want anybody to think you're just another slovenly and—probably—prejudiced Southerner!

*Boaz, Ala.* LINDA S. DYAR

### Ireland: Rebuttals

If it is as hard to learn the basic facts about Ireland as Father Lyons says ["Letters," Nov. 19], that would explain why he has never learnt even the simplest ones.

Ireland was *not* a united country for "thousands of years." There has not been a united Ireland (or a united England) for even a thousand years.

Ireland was a chaos of four warring kingdoms, Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught, until it was invaded by England in the twelfth century after an appeal by Pope Hadrian IV and the fugitive king Dermott of Leinster.

It has never been united except while ruled from London as part of Britain.

Catholics in the North have the same voting rights on the national level as Protestants. In local government they have the same system as England had until 1945, i.e., a property qualification. They are no more unfairly treated than minorities in England, like the Liberal Party, as far as elections are concerned.

Protestants in the Republic, who numbered 25 per cent of the population in 1921, have been reduced by discrimination and emigration to 10 per cent in 1972. Unhappily the Northern Catholics have not been treated any better.

*London* GEORGE EDINGER

David L. Ostfeld ["Letters," Feb. 4] suggests, with reference to Ireland, that populations living in disputed territories be polled so that sensible decisions as to sovereignty can be reached.


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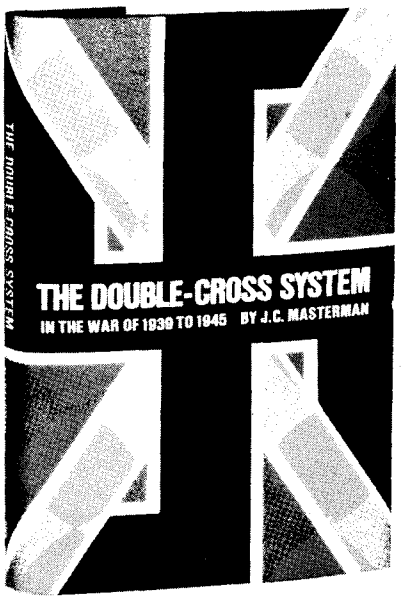
"It **reads better than any spy novel**—not merely because fact is stranger than fiction but because what was British fiction became German fact."—*The Washington Post*

**". . . a memorable chapter in the long history of espionage."**—Gilbert Highet, *Book-of-the-Month-Club News*

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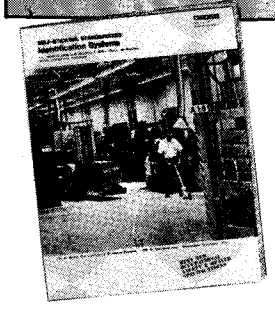

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Certainly in the Mideast this might prove an honest way to settle territorial conflicts. However, any poll there, to be honest, would perforce include the approximately two million Arabs who "voted with their feet" or were forced out of Israeli-occupied territories in the various Arab-Israeli conflicts. But, supposing the Arab side won the vote, would the Israelis concede and pull back?

*Tacoma, Wash.* L. P. BRAGG M.D.

### Secret Papers

Please allow me to congratulate NATIONAL REVIEW for uncovering those secret documents on the Amchitka blast. The paragraph ["The Week" Dec. 3] was very enjoyable, and reveals that *NR* is capable of making these important disclosures. However, I am very disappointed that you disclosed this country's secret weapon, John Lindsay, without telling the people how he would function as a weapon.

First, the Mayor will meet Arthur (the monster) face-to-face. If that does not work, possibly nothing will. Luckily for us, Mr. Lindsay will have alternatives. He will advocate that the Federal Government a) pass a law against Arthur, b) intervene in the situation, and/or c) spend *more money. Of course, the only thing* that will result from these proposals will be inflation. Never fear! The Mayor is not finished yet. Next, he will throw some copies of the Kerner Report at Arthur. Arthur is not a moron, and he will begin to read the Report (after all, anyone who eats liberals can't be too dumb). Upon reading the report, if Arthur is smart, he will laugh and proceed to read Lillian Boehme's *Carte Blanche for Chaos.* If Arthur is dumb, he will agree with the Report and then begin to destroy the city in a manner not unlike urban renewal. If all else fails, Mr. Lindsay will have one remaining alternative: He can always bus Arthur to Siberia, where he will live happily ever after on a steady diet of socialists.

*Cookeville, Tenn.* WILLIAM LACY

### Unions and Inflation

Alan Reynolds, in "The Case against Wage and Price Control" [Sept. 24] and "*Unions:* Scapegoat for Inflation" [Dec. 31], has argued, in my view correctly, that monopolistic unions per se cannot cause inflation. There is a further point, however, which can, I believe, reconcile to some extent Mr. Reynolds' position with that of John Davenport ["Letters," Feb. 4] and others who *do* blame the unions for inflation.

As both Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Davenport pointed out, one effect of monopolistic unions is to increase the equilibrium rate of unemployment, which may be defined as that rate of unemployment which can be sustained in the long run when the behavior of the price level is correctly anticipated—that is, when in-

*(Continues on page 239)*



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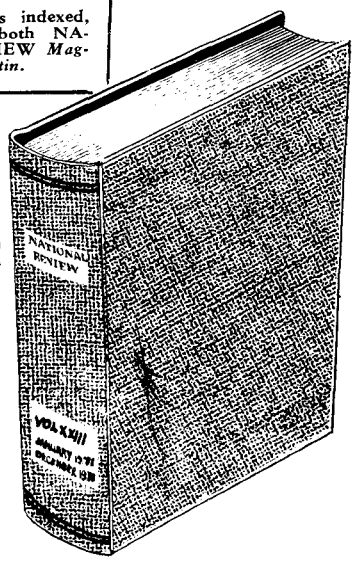


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# THE WEEK

■ Until now if you liked porn and women's lib there was really no skinflick right for you. Things are changing. Last week the Cameo Cinema, located in New York's quaint Times Square area, was showing a movie right up your alley: *Ms. Erotica U.S.A.* But don't count on the Cameo every week. Give them a call first. This week's movie is *Fräuleins for Pleasure.*

■ A pair of biologists at San Jose College in California have challenged the statement by Berkeley scientists that DDT was causing brown pelicans on a local island to lay thin-shelled eggs that broke before they hatched. Richard Main and J. Gordon Edward say it is much more likely that the thin shells were a result of the 1968 oil spill, and of fright caused by ecologists "trampling through" the nesting areas.

■ Environmentalists are getting discouraged about the plans for reducing solid wastes by the use of returnable bottles. William Ruckelshaus, administrator of the Federal Environmental Agency, has come to the conclusion that if the deposit on the returnables is made high enough to induce the average consumer actually to return them, it would be considerably higher than the cost of bottles, so that counterfeiters would make bottles in order to collect the deposits.

■ After all the hoopla two years ago when it was instituted, the "Princeton Plan," which gave students two weeks off before the November election to help Make the System Work, has died a quiet death. The reasons: It would cost Princeton $53,716 to feed its athletes for an extra two weeks in the fall; the cost to students (in loss of wages because of a shorter summer vacation, and in the cost of travel during a recess) would be about $300,000; and, most importantly, the students don't show any real interest in elective politics. Only about 25 per cent actually worked in the 1968 campaign; only half the eligible students bothered even to vote in last year's local elections; and, when the student assembly voted last fall in favor of the pre-election recess, the best reason they could give was that "it offers an excellent chance for students to improve their academic standing."

■ Bacon and eggs give us hard arteries, coffee's bad for the heart, saccharin produces bladder tumors, toast is iron-deficient and cereals are vitamin-poor. After thus ruining our breakfasts, the FDA extended its war to everything from soup (Bon Vivant and Campbell's) to nuts. Fortunately, the Turkish farmers whose pistachio nuts were found to contain a cancer-producing mold have a means of bypassing U.S. health regulations: They can simply return to the cultivation of uncontaminated opium poppies.

■ The thing is you might like to join the latest committee to blossom on the West Coast though it will be awkward to make out your check to: "The National Committee for a 32 Hour, 4 Day Week, with 40 Hours Pay and Retirement at Age 55," which is what the committee calls itself.

■ McGraw-Hill's internal bulletin, December 24, 1971, carries the description of a book they will be publishing a few weeks from now, which we quote word for word, so help us: "Feuerlicht, Robert—JOE MCCARTHY AND MCCARTHYISM: The Hate That Haunts America (Code #020644-9 Reg/ed)—(A&D: 33-44)—This book on Senator Joe McCarthy and McCarthyism covers his entire life, from his bleak boyhood on a Wisconsin farm to his last days as an alcoholic in a padded hospital cell. All the highlights of his incredible career are there: corrupt judge, Marine nonhero, illegal Senate race, Pepsi-Cola lobbyist, and most feared demagogue in American history. The emphasis is on the five years (1950-1954) during which McCarthy stormed across the American political scene, lying, smearing, accusing, and using the issue of Communism in government as a weapon with which he humbled, subverted, or destroyed two Presidents; countless senators; the State Department; the Army; the Bill of Rights; and many of her finest citizens, both public and private. This book is not just about McCarthy but about McCarthyism, the hate that haunted America long before McCarthy appeared to give it a name. AGE LEVEL: teenage; Approx. 192 pp., 5 3/8 x 8; prob. $5.95jg trade/ed. only; prob. pub. February, 1972. (E. Nichols-Junior Books-90)."

■ The Surgeon General of the United States having decided that smoking is bad for us, Congress acted to remove all cigarette advertising from television, as of Dec. 31, 1970. So what happened? Cigarette consumption rose twelve billion in the following year, ha-ha-ha. One reason given is that when TV stations stopped airing cigarette commercials, they also stopped the anti-smoking messages put out by the do-gooders and broadcast under the "equal-time" rule. Thus it is that a Justice Department official (anonymous) now suggests Congress bring back the cigarette ads, thus bringing back the anti-ads, thus reducing consumption. The Surgeon General, meanwhile, is studying the effects of sunspots on the tides.

■ Pay for stagehands at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington has been adjusted. Instead of making as much per week as $1,500 ("The Week," February 18), it is reported the men will earn a maximum of $308 under a new contract. The Center remains in deep financial trouble, however: $7 million in debt after four months' operation. A move is afoot in Congress, reports columnist Robert Allen, to have the



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"To ride, shoot straight, and speak the truth—
This was the ancient Law of Youth.
Old times are past, old days are done;
But the Law runs true, O little son!"

—Charles T. Davis

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# The Meaning of the Ashbrook Campaign

"In its abandonment of outmoded conservative doctrine, the Nixon Administration has moved much more swiftly and thoroughly than did the Eisenhower Administration. . . . After the Nixon Administration's record, Republican candidates can no longer inveigh against big government, budget deficits, government subsidies or federal regulation of the economy." "Seldom in Western politics since Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867—when Lord Derby boasted, 'We've dished the Whigs'—has a national leader so completely turned his back on a lifetime of beliefs to adopt those of his political opponents."

THE FIRST of those quotations is taken from a *New York Times* editorial published January 31 under the title "Are There Any Issues?" on which *NR* commented in its last issue. The second is from a follow-up *Times* editorial ("Mr. Nixon's State of the World") published February 10. Together they outline the context with which the Ashbrook campaign is "existentially" defined. Although any candidate who enters an election campaign, for whatever reason, becomes a prisoner of the daily routine of practical politics and the subject of the numbers game played by the professionals and commentators, it is a mistake to understand the Ashbrook candidacy in purely practical and quantitative terms. From a quantitative and pragmatic standpoint, his candidacy would have been ruled out by the lack of preparation, resources, organization, and time. Its significance is qualitative, philosophical; and in a modest and perhaps mostly negative way, historic.

The *Times* is proclaiming the death of political conservatism in this country, as it has crystallized over a generation. Ashbrook is protesting; and, by his action, proving that the announcement is premature; that American conservatism may be pushed largely aside, may be speaking for the time being with a small voice only, but still lives and is not reconciled to being buried by either the editors of the *Times* or the incumbent leaders of the Republican Party.

It is true that in the course of history one after another political position fades or drops from the scene. After 1783 the issue of the proper relation to the British crown and parliament disappeared from our political landscape—royalism no longer existed except as a personal eccentricity. So with pro-slavery or pro-secession doctrine after 1865. It is not theoretically inconceivable that we have reached another such political watershed, though they are usually marked by such more extreme signs as war or revolution. And it is undoubtedly a fact that in the past generation and a half, a good many of the more specific views once held by conservatives (such as on Social Security and unionization, to cite prominent examples) have been outmoded.

But what the trend of the Nixon Administration has called into question, and not by the *Times* only, is not merely this or that specific view. Has it now become politically obsolescent to believe that: 1) The survival of the nation and the chances of preserving peace are more securely based on military strength than on the good will or pledges of rival powers? 2) Relations with potentially hostile states are better founded on firmness than on yielding and appeasement? 3) A healthy and prosperous economy requires a reasonable degree of monetary and fiscal responsibility? 4) It is primarily the function of the citizens themselves, rather than of government, to provide for their own care and well-being? 5) Government should limit so far as possible its regulation and control of transactions among citizens, leaving the maximum possible sphere for voluntary decision and action?

THESE five have been among the fundamental and guiding beliefs of American conservatives. The Ashbrook candidacy symbolizes and expresses their continuing vitality, and the conservatives' continuing conviction that it is upon these rocks that we can most solidly and happily build our house. The primary vote will not measure their objective validity. Nor, because of the practical circumstances of the primary campaigns and this critical election year, will it reflect at all accurately the degree to which Republican voters still cherish these beliefs. But John Ashbrook has raised them on his banner, so that the nation is able to look at them at least once more.

National Park Service take over maintenance of the buildings at a cost to the taxpayers of $1.5 million a year.

■ Lawyer's League, a new conservative club, has just been established at the University of Denver College of Law. The League is starting a second chapter at the University of Colorado School of Law, and would like to help conservative law students in other parts of the country organize their own clubs. Interested persons may contact Wesley J. Guillaume, President of Lawyer's League, at the College of Law, University of Denver, 200 West 14th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80204.

■ Comrade Ilya Petrovitch hurried along the Komsomolskii Prospekt, nearly slipping on a patch of ice as he passed St. Nicholas' Church, so eager was he to reach his favorite bookstore and see what the newest volume of the *Istoria Kommunisticheskoi Partii* would say about the great purge trials of 1936 and 1937. Were they, after all, a horrible example of Evil Repression by Counterrevolutionary Revisionist Tyrant Stalin, or were they a Necessary Cleaning of Society by the Removal of Imperialist Vermin? Excitement mounting, he ducked into the Krasnyi Knizhnyi Magazin, plunked down his hundred rubles, and, with trembling hands, began searching through the volume. Here's the chronology—what? All that happened in August 1936 was an anti-Franco meeting in Red Square. Comrade Ilya had been so sure that that was



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when Zinoviev was executed. How about June 1937? Nothing whatever happened in June 1937. Tukhachevsky wasn't executed then? Try the index. No Zinoviev; no Tukhachevsky; hardly even any mention of Stalin. Comrade Ilya left the bookshop with a song in his heart and a great weight lifted from his shoulders: The purge trials had obviously never happened. Stalin had been a minor Party functionary. It was just a nightmare after all, induced by too many bowls of borscht just before bedtime. How reassuring history is!

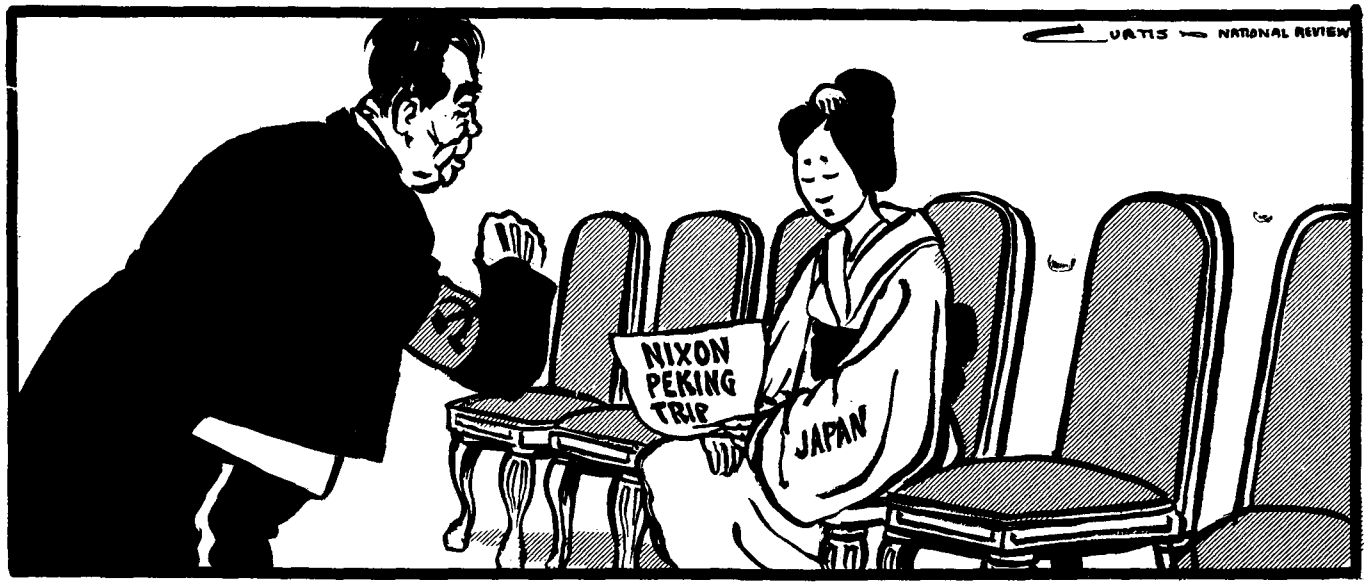
■ There's lots wrong with Italy. A depression now going into its third year. Labor unrest. A major religious fight over the proposed referendum on the divorce law. And the four parties that have ruled the country in uneasy coalition for the past ten years are apparently unable or unwilling to make the compromises necessary to establish Italy's 33rd government in 26 years. With Christian Democratic floor leader Giulio Andreotti's failure to form a cabinet, President Leone will probably have to dissolve parliament and call for new elections this spring, a year ahead of schedule. And the only parties that will approach those elections in any semblance of order are Italy's strong and disciplined Communist Party and the allegedly neo-fascist MSI.

■ Brazil's goal, according to her planning minister, is to become the world's major "importer of pollution." Yes, that's exactly what he said. Brazil has lots and lots of virgin forests and beautiful beaches—completely pristine and untouched—but she doesn't have nearly the standard of living she would like to have. So, for starters, she is taking over a wood-pulp project for Japanese paper producers whose plants have been closed down at home as too dirty. "Why not?" said the planning minister. "We have lots left to pollute. They don't."

■ The question in Chile is not what makes Allende run, but who. In the recent cabinet shuffle that resulted from his Unidad Popular's crushing defeat in the January by-elections, the API, a party traditionally loyal to Allende, was sacrificed to the new PIR (Partido de Isquierda Revolucionaria), which won two ministries. And in the power struggle to replace the minister of the interior, the post left vacant by the impeachment of José Tohá, Allende's candidate lost out to Hernan del Canto, backed by radical socialist Carlos Altamirano. Del Canto, until his new appointment the Secretary General of CUT, Chile's most powerful union, is a dedicated Marxist, and if pressured by either Congress or President Allende could conceivably organize his workers and paralyze the country. So, although the President continues his overtures to the military (he recently raised their pay by 40 per cent), there is truth in what they say in Santiago, that "*Allende reina pero no gobierna*"—reigns but does not rule. And as his backers splinter through internecine struggles and the opposition grows and strengthens, Chileños speculate about whether Eduardo Frei is too old to take back his job or whether the vibrant new senator, Rafael Moreno, might not be preferable as the new Christian Democrat President of Chile.

■ Just Reminiscing . . . "In shrill language reminiscent of the sharpest Western cold war commentaries about the Soviet Union in the 1940s, Moscow has depicted China as a wildly irrational state marked by mass purges and secret executions that have caused at least 250,000 Chinese intellectuals to flee abroad since 1966." (News report, Feb. 15.)

■ Pan Am is expanding its schedule of New York-to-Moscow flights to two a week in April, three a week in June. The airline's executive in charge of passenger service to the USSR, Joseph E. Markaroff, evidently believes candor won't hurt revenues. "People read the Russian novelists before they go to Moscow, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky," he told a reporter the other day, "and picture Moscow as a beautiful city with a romantic at-




**"Dance?"**



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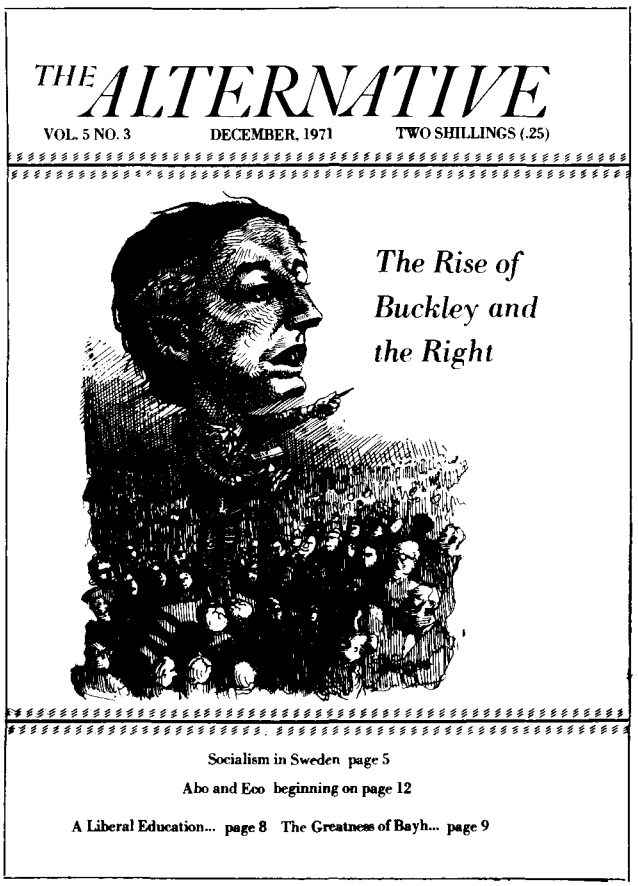
# "*The Alternative* is a welcome addition to the ranks of American opinion journalism." —*Spiro T. Agnew*

## "Yuk" —*Abbie Hoffman*


THE ALTERNATIVE
VOL. 5 NO. 3 DECEMBER, 1971 TWO SHILLINGS (.25)
The Rise of Buckley and the Right
Socialism in Sweden page 5
Abo and Eco beginning on page 12
A Liberal Education... page 8 The Greatness of Bayh... page 9

**"I predict for THE ALTERNATIVE a leading role in philosophical and political battles to come." — *M. Stanton Evans***

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"Student Unrest. . .The Search for Values" by Allen C. Brownfeld

"Daniel Ellsberg: The Public Penitent" by John R. Coyne, Jr. (quoted in *The Saturday Review* as the work of "snotty persons")

"America's Promise as a World Power" a symposium on defense by Senator James Buckley, Senator Henry M. Jackson, George F. Will, William Schneider, and others

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mosphere. This doesn't exist. It is a cold city with lots of walls and brick buildings and there isn't much night life. But people who come here are enchanted with the tours conducted by Intourist, the government agency." Intourist avoids the back streets, says Markaroff: "Almost every street is a skid row. The stores are filthy, but you don't get to see these either. The Moscow supermarket is small and filthy, but the Russians are Oriental-minded. They don't want to lose face by showing their primitive stores and their lack of products and services." So why the hell fly Pan Am to Moscow? "You come back appreciating what you have in the United States."

■ Mao's orderly masses broke ranks and mobbed Peking's main bookstore when the news broke that works banned since the Cultural Revolution had been put back on the shelves. Dusty, yellow, curled at the edges, the unearthed copies of Thucydides, Montesquieu and Kant sold like the first unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. One classic missing was Chairman Mao's Quotations. For though the little red book is available in new foreign language editions, minus its Lin Piao preface, it is unavailable to the Chinese. They are, it would seem, not yet culturally advanced enough to accept the defense minister's disappearance.

■ Gosh, Somebody *Does* Love the United Nations! Department (Who says Bangladesh Isn't Politically Mature? Division): ". . . Women groveled and kissed the feet of envoy Vittorio Winspeare-Guicciardi, who is visiting Bangladesh as the special representative of UN Secretary General Kurt Waldheim. . . ." (News Item)

# Who Is an Athlete?

The flame is out, the flags are down. The 1972 Winter Olympic games are over, leaving only the distasteful controversy over professionalism that usually follows the winter spectacle.

Four days before the Olympics began, the International Olympic Committee headed by Avery Brundage ruled that Karl Schranz, Austria's (and perhaps the world's) best Alpine skier, couldn't compete in the games because he had violated his amateur standing by allowing his name and photograph to be used in advertising. Other athletes in Sapporo had done the same thing, but the IOC banned only Schranz, the most straightforward in admitting his moonlighting activities.

But, as they usually do, the Olympic games went on. Thanks to satellites and NBC, viewers in the United States were treated to many live shots of Curt Gowdy, Jims Simpson and Perkins and others of "NBC's Olympic team." When the team called timeout for one of its many commercials, viewers got a chance to see "pretty Peggy Fleming" doing her thing for Texaco, the folks bringing us Gowdy, Simpson and Perkins.

Meanwhile the games dragged on, and they weren't much more interesting than the guys from NBC. As expected, the amateurs from the Soviet Union won the most medals, followed by the amateurs from East Germany, one of the many benefits of socialism being that, for athletes anyway, it's all play and no work. Avery Brundage must like that. The United States team finished fifth in the final standings, its best showing since 1952, with the women very trendily winning seven of the eight medals taken by the American team.

The IOC and its head are now getting in shape for the summer games in Munich. Brundage, 84, has promised that he will retire at the end of these games. It can only be hoped that the IOC, having not benefited from the wisdom of his years, will benefit from his absence and decide that in modern intensive athletic competition, the distinction between "gentlemen" amateurs and mercenary professionals has become meaningless, and that all athletes should be eligible to compete according to their abilities.

# Who Controls the Controllers?

The improvised machinery set up to control wages and prices is operating in an increasingly whimsical manner. Twenty-one per cent of the items in the Consumer Price Index have been wholly exempted from controls, including many of the worst offenders. As the controllers clamp down in one area, as with the utility rate freeze, the inflationary pressure just pops up in another, like farm and meat prices. The Pay Board has taken "action" (usually in the form of a rubber stamp blessing) on 283 of 1,570 cases submitted; the Price Commission has ruled on 411 of 3,457. Someone suggested that it might be easier to control the statisticians who construct the price indexes, for all the bearing these official records have on the myriad costs we actually face.

Since the Pay Board proclaimed that its main success was the reduction of aerospace wage increases from 12 per cent to "only" 8 per cent, other unions have apparently adjusted their demands accordingly. The West Coast dockworkers now politely request 20 per cent, so that when the Pay Board stands typically firm at, say, 15 per cent, the Board may again save face. Past rulings indicate that the ingenuity of Pay Board officials will not be unduly strained in rationalizing the 10 per cent deferred increase for 400,000 teamsters, 11 per cent average increases in construction, and a 16 per cent boost for East Coast longshoremen.

Many commentators seem willing to blame all the confusion on practically anyone and anything except the basic policy of government intervention itself. C. Jackson Grayson, the head of the Price Commission, announced that "one alternative if we don't succeed is a shift in our economic system." That is, if the medicine doesn't work, it can only be because we aren't taking enough of it. We need not be alarmed at this warning, however, because Mr. Grayson assures us that "a switch to socialism . . . would take a while. It would be gradual."



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# Battle of the Buses

During the late 1950s and early 1960s, one image in particular set up powerful and sympathetic reverberations across the land. There on the TV screen, dressed in a neat, starched white dress and white gloves was little Jane, escorted by her most dignified mother, walking up the path to the door of the school building. It was her first day in a formerly all-white Southern school. She integrated it. And this moving drama was inevitably played out before a kind of Euripidean chorus of "bigots"—lumpy-looking white women in rollers, obese sheriffs with bad teeth, foaming red-necks. Moral satisfaction approached the point of ecstasy. The Court had spoken, and all the angels sang.

Ah, but now that pleasing image has given way to another, which has powerfully invaded the national consciousness, if not, as yet, the imagery of the 7 P.M. News. In this sequel image, little Tommy has been bused away from Garden Groves and installed in the sixth grade in urban P.S. 27. Now, as far as facilities go, P.S. 27 isn't too bad. It's only eight years old, and a lot of money has been spent on it. But there are problems. Windows get broken. Equipment disappears. Scuffles take place regularly in the halls. Drugs. Often there is hell to pay in the sixth grade classroom. When the teacher says "Open your books to page sixteen," most of the pupils, well, don't. On his second day in school, little Tommy from Garden Groves is threatened with a knife in the schoolyard and has his head nearly beaten off. The Court—or, more precisely, some lower federal courts—have now moved far beyond *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, and, not content with striking down segregatory laws, are attempting to impose integration by the most convenient means—i.e., by busing large numbers of schoolchildren back and forth to achieve "racial balance." And this time the angels aren't singing.

On this issue it is, politically speaking, very late in the day; but the national wave of revulsion now seems to have made itself felt even within the insulated precincts of the White House. President Nixon informed members of Congress last week that he will "take some steps" to offset recent busing rulings, and Ron Ziegler has come forward with assurances that the President "is not going to leave the situation as it is." What this will amount to on the part of the White House—if anything—is anybody's guess. This issue has been in the air for some time, and one might think that White House contemplation would have moved beyond the study-group stage.

Meanwhile the House Judiciary Committee is opening hearings on dozens of antibusing constitutional amendments; liberal Sen. Henry M. Jackson has offered one of his own; liberal Rep. James G. O'Hara (D., Mich.), former Chairman of the Democratic Study Group, is offering another; Republican Whip, Sen. Robert Griffin, has reversed himself and come out against busing; and in an hilarious contretemps, George McGovern first told columnist Tom Braden that he himself might come out in opposition to busing, but then denied these musings when the left-wing ideologues in his entourage screamed with pain.

The fundamental problem is that court rulings on forced integration contradict the "deliberate sense" of the vast majority of the people, from which deliberate sense, in the final analysis, all of our laws and institutions derive their legitimacy. The court rulings in question, therefore, strike at the theoretical basis of our system of government.

No national consensus supports forced integration. Indeed, no national consensus exists that racial integration, in principle, is necessarily a good thing. All historical experience is in the balance against the wisdom of court orders like the recent one in Richmond, Virginia, since ethnic integration, when it does occur, is, on the basis of experience, likely to be most successful among mature adults at upper income and occupational levels. To mix—on abstract grounds—children from different backgrounds and social groups and expect them to solve our society's most difficult problems is to indulge in a naïve—and in truth cruel—form of romanticism. To expect schools to accomplish tasks beyond their capacity can only impair them as educational institutions. Everyone, in fact, knows this; and, at last, even the politicians are beginning to admit it.

# Media Watch

Syndicated columnist Kevin Phillips recently made the fascinating point that the TV networks are the contemporary analogues of the trusts and railroad empires of an earlier day, the analogue holding even in geographical setting: "Most of the Republicans and conservatives who agree with Spiro Agnew's attacks on the networks would also agree with Edith Efron's statement that 'the very existence of oligopoly that controls the airwaves . . . is an immense danger to this country.' Yet this attack is sheer Populism: It might be Andrew Jackson talking about the Bank of the United States, William Jennings Bryan castigating Wall Street or George Norris attacking the utilities!"

"The analogy is real enough," Phillips goes on. "The United States has a new power elite. Railroads, public utilities and manufacturing account for less and less of the GNP (Gross National Product) every year. The Knowledge and Communications industries are in the ascendant; their politics are liberal and usually Democratic, just as yesteryear's industrial robber barons were conservative and usually Republican. The television networks are linchpins of, and propagandists for, these liberal interests. Not surprisingly, then, the networks are fighting the Nixon Administration and the Nixon Administration is fighting the networks, trying to break up unfair concentrations of power just as in the days of the



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railroads, the trusts and the utilities empires—all 'networks' of their respective economic eras.

"Even the geography of Populism is repeating itself. Liberal and network strength is concentrated in the Northeast, especially in the Washington-New York-Boston axis. Support for the media hostility of the Nixon Administration is greatest in the South, the Rocky Mountains, the Plains, the Southwest, the Border and in the Archie Bunker-Spiro Agnew neighborhoods of the industrial North. We live in a communications-based society, and the role of the broadcast media is a question of more than constitutional significance. It should intensify in this election year and become one of the great political issues of the decade."

# How Not To Fight Unemployment

Having just experienced a year that saw unemployment at its highest level in ten years, Congress is now set, with apparent White House concurrence, to increase the federal minimum wage, thereby insuring further unemployment, particularly among the teen-agers and blacks who already have the highest rates of joblessness. Why do politicians—in the White House as well as the Congress—profess to be upset at relatively high rates of unemployment and at the same time push for passage of legislation which will only serve to increase the ranks of the unemployed?

A charitable interpretation of the campaign to raise the minimum wage to at least $2 from the present $1.60 (never mind that the 25 per cent increase makes the Pay Board's 5.5 per cent guideline look like penny-ante stuff) is that the politicians are misguided. Perhaps because the jobs lost from minimum wage legislation are not accompanied by the fanfare which greets cancellation of a major defense contract, the legislators find it difficult to accept the fact that they are partially responsible for a 30 per cent unemployment rate among teenage blacks. But the charitable explanation breaks down when it is noted that the present minimum wage laws contain certain exemptions, such as those for the handicapped (i.e., Goodwill Industries) and farm workers.

A far more plausible interpretation for the apparent contradiction between the unpopularity of unemployment and the enthusiasm for minimum wage legislation is that such legislation is viewed mainly for its impact on the already-employed, in particular on card-carrying, dues-paying union members. An increased minimum wage gives union chieftains a powerful argument with which to campaign for increases all along the line, from the lowest paid sweeper to the best-rewarded skilled machinist. To state the obvious, George Meany does not represent unemployed teen-agers or blacks.

There are plenty of businessmen who would be happy to pay $1.25 an hour (remember when *that* was the minimum wage?) to a teen-ager, white or black, to stand behind a counter, sweep aisles, sort empty soft-drink bottles or stock shelves, but who can't afford to pay $1.60, let alone $2 an hour. And speaking of soft-drink bottles, lowering the minimum wage would probably be the best way to eliminate the costliest bottleneck in many forms of solid-waste disposal, the collection and sorting of bottles, cans and paper. What is needed is plenty of unskilled, low-paid labor to make recycling an economic proposition. So if the legislators want to make a substantial contribution to cleaning up the environment as well as stimulating the economy and employment, they should be considering lowering, not raising, the minimum wage.

# Garry Wills

Father Andrew Greeley, the professional sociologist and columnist, has had it up to here with Garry Wills, who had been arguing that a) black studies programs are just fine, but that b) to ask for, say, Polish studies or Italian studies would be to commit some sort of an indecency. This was too much for Fr. Greeley.

"Columnist Garry Wills," he observed in a recent article, "continues to be the 'Hammer of the Ethnics.' . . . It's all right and indeed highly virtuous for the colleges to have black studies but it is 'chauvinistic' to have Irish studies and 'nonsense' to have Southern or Eastern European studies. The purpose of such programs is to 'feign impartiality,' to 'placate opposition to black studies,' and to give 'more power to people with power.' The arguments against such programs are 'not abstract academic ones, but those based on simple decency.'

"His view seems to say: It is against simple decency for a Pole to wish to understand his own heritage: it is chauvinistic nonsense for a Pole or an Italian to suggest that there is something in his own tradition that the rest of American society might profit from knowing. . . . If there is to be pluralism at all in American society, it is to be pluralism for blacks and for no one else. Every other group should assimilate without protest. The blacks, because they are 'without power,' are to be encouraged not to assimilate."

## Dat Ol' Debbil Centrism

Something for the South; something for the North.
Something for the Kids; something on The Fourth.
Integrate a step; slide a little there.
Fulminate for FAP; throw the creeps a scare.
Starboard in the spring—then a run to port:
Always try to be smack in center court.
Franklin did it best. (Brother, was he *deft*.)
All the while he moved everybody left.

W. H. VON DREELE



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Treasury Secretary John Connally, far from going after the Vice Presidential slot on the 1972 ticket, might have to be persuaded to take it—if offered. When Connally took on Treasury, his acceptance was cited as evidence of his flexible approach to gaining position and influence. Now he is assessing where his future lies: 1) seeking and/or accepting the Number Two spot on the GOP ticket, 2) staying where he is, 3) quitting just before the election, or 4) trying for Secretary of State or Defense in a new Nixon Administration. Connally is said to have told friends that he is not interested in the Vice Presidency because it has little power. His Presidential ambitions would be better served by an appointive position with more real power. And he has not given up entirely the possibility of Democratic Party politics.

■ Food prices are a source of intra-Administration controversy. A projected increase of 4 per cent in food prices for 1972 has the Cost of Living Council and the Agriculture Department worried: the Council because the increase may be more than consumers can tolerate; Agriculture because farmers will find it difficult to survive with a reduced inflationary rate of raw food prices.

Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, originally unpopular with farm-state congressmen, has won many converts by his swift actions in funneling money to hurting farmers. Butz is telling meetings all over the country that he will fight any controls on raw food prices "like a wounded bull." The Administration, which has made no final decision on how to handle the food price situation, has told Butz to pursue his own course on the grounds that it will help the Administration politically in the crucial farm states. On the other hand, there are more consumer votes than there are farmer votes.

Allowing more meat imports might get the Administration out of the bind. Foreign agricultural products will bring down the prices of American goods on the open market. If more foreign meat is admitted, however, it is almost certain that the Administration will find some way to aid American meat producers—probably through direct subsidy. The Administration is sufficiently insecure about the farm vote to make 1972 prospectively a good year, foreign meats or not.

■ Being outmaneuvered by the Chairman of the House Rules Committee was something that happened often to Speakers back when House rules were different and when the Rules Chairman was a wily parliamentarian, like former Virginia Congressman Howard Smith. But now Speaker Carl Albert has been outmaneuvered by Rules Chairman William Colmer (Miss.), who is less skilful and more docile than his predecessors. Colmer, working under House rules, preempted the Labor Committee, chaired by Frank Thompson (N.J.), and put the Rules Committee's own bill on the floor. Colmer's bill to end the West Coast dock strike passed the House 203 to 170 over Albert's and Thompson's strenuous objections.

In besting Albert, who likes to keep tabs on the flow of legislation, Colmer had the aid of California Democrat B. F. Sisk, a committeeman whose district has been hit by the dock strike and who once was a competitor for the post of House Majority Leader, now held by Albert ally Hale Boggs. Colmer, Sisk, a number of Southern Democrats and many Republicans lined up to push the antistrike bill through. Albert's allies asserted that he moved too slowly to stop Colmer; others, that he didn't mind if the bill was passed, but had to make a show of anguish to placate liberals who have been criticizing his cooperation with the Administration. In any case, it was Colmer's day and it proved that the Rules Committee still has some muscle.

■ Would-be Republican campaign workers are having a hard time in Washington. "Jobs are so tight," said one well-placed campaign source, "that even Haldeman and Ehrlichman can't get somebody on the payroll." With cutbacks in federal spending and layoffs at high levels in parts of the communications industry, especially television and advertising, the job market is glutted with highly qualified people. Also, the President's re-election operation will not completely take shape until early summer. Oddly enough, unemployed Democrats are not so badly off: There are so many Democratic hopefuls that their staffs can absorb a fairly large number of people.

—CATO

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Greeley challenges Wills' compulsive underdogism where blacks are concerned: It "will come as a surprise to the Poles and the Italians to learn that they have such great power in American society. . . . There are no federal busybodies going from campus to campus suggesting that if more Poles and Italians are not hired, government funds will be cut off. . . . The government assumes that the absence of blacks and women is prima facie proof of discrimination, but there are no such assumptions about Poles and Italians. . . . [Yet] they have just reached that position in society where many of them are moving into the groups which made it into the academy. . . . No one wants a Polish or Irish male professor around; and, indeed, if one should hire such a person, one might well have the Federal Government on one's neck screaming discrimination. These are the people that Garry Wills thinks have so much power. . . . These are the people who are lacking in 'simple decency.' "

Garry Wills seems to have set himself up as a virtuoso of the currently fashionable pathos. He should consider extending his repertory.

# FAP Con Game?

Against all expectation, the Nixon Administration apparently is not willing to see FAP die and be decently interred; and all the Administration's behind-the-hand whispers and winks to assorted conservatives may now have to be regarded as tactical ploys.

When even Senator Abraham Ribicoff withdrew his support for FAP—and without his support it could not pass—and when, among other signals, Governor Ronald Reagan publicly opined that Richard Nixon no longer believed in the scheme *NR* (Feb. 18, "Zap FAP") reasonably concluded that we had seen the last of it for the time being.

Only, it develops, the pea of Administration policy



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was not under that particular shell, and the Administration has now reached a "compromise" with Ribicoff whereby he will support FAP as reformulated. Now the bill as written provides for "pilot tests" of the program, as desired by Ribicoff, but with an "automatic trigger" which will then implement the entire scheme, whatever the results of the tests. The necessity for such an "automatic trigger" is plain enough. As Roger Freeman convincingly testified in the congressional hearings on FAP, the principal elements in it have in fact been tried out elsewhere—and have *not* worked. The only interpretation of the Nixon-Ribicoff "compromise" therefore must be that the Administration desires the passage of FAP *whether it works or not* for the sake of the electoral rhetoric it can provide, and figures that the fiscal catastrophe will not be manifest until well after the election.

# Marianne Moore RIP

"In respect to her work Miss Moore hews to an ideology that is aristocratic and severe and pure. . . ." There you have it, in the words of a critic describing her first book of poems in 1925. The world of her poems is one of things firmly seized and possessed by the imagination, as if in those "brazen claws" of the prize bird, which, she wrote, were "staunch against defeat." The surface of that world, so unblinkingly seen, is an arresting one: birds, insects, plants, animals real and mythical, the hands of a guitarist "suddenly set humming fast fast and faster," and of course the places grasped with permanent clarity: "England/ with its baby rivers and little towns, each with its/ cathedral" . . . "Spenser's Ireland/ has not altered;—/ a place as kind as it is green,/ the greenest place I've never seen. Every name is a tune" . . . Or Virginia: "Pale sand edges England's Old/ Dominion. The air is soft, warm, hot/ above the cedar-dotted emerald shore . . . A deer-/ track in a church-floor/ brick, and a fine pavement tomb remain . . ."

Implicit throughout this world of things so clearly seen is an ethos seldom articulated but powerfully felt everywhere, one involving discipline, restraint, concentration but also lightness, the striving for perfect form, and an intellectual clarity at times almost chilling. She would not have wanted to be Montaigne, Miss Moore once remarked, he was too somber. La Fontaine, Voltaire, Palestrina: those were kindred spirits. She produced, as Eliot remarked, "part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time."

The forms are permanent, but the poet mortal. Read, in this light, her great emblematic poem, "The Camperdown Elm," about the tree dating from 1872 in Prospect Park, "arching high, curving low, in the midst of fine twigs . . . Props are needed and tree-food./ It is still leafing;/ still there; *mortal* though. We must save it. It is/ our crowning curio." Marianne Moore died in her sleep February 5 at her home on West Ninth Street in Manhattan. She was eighty-four.

# Notes & Asides

■ To the Editor

It seems to me and others on the *Times* that your editorial in the issue of February 18 criticizing the initial decision of the *Times* not to print a reply from North Vietnam in response to some questions we asked concerning the prisoners of war was based on some misconceptions of a rather complicated chain of events involving a fairly simple journalistic principle. I believe that a chronology will set the record straight.

1. On January 2, President Nixon said that the possibility of a total troop withdrawal in exchange for the release of prisoners had been discussed with the North Vietnamese at the Paris peace talks, but that Hanoi had totally rejected such an approach. The Administration's

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position was that the North Vietnamese had made release of the prisoners conditional on American withdrawal of support from the South Vietnamese government.

2. On January 3, Senator McGovern said that Hanoi would recognize the announcement of a firm withdrawal date as representing the end of support for Saigon and would release the four hundred prisoners.

3. It seemed to us that there was a contradiction here that might be clarified by direct questions addressed to Hanoi. We sent Hanoi a list of questions designed to find out whether the release of the prisoners was conditional only on the troop withdrawal date or was also linked to the political future of South Vietnam.

4. On January 6, before the *Times* had received a reply to its questions, the North Vietnamese spokesman in Paris issued a statement making it clear that the release of prisoners was not only linked to a withdrawal date, but to an end of backing the Thieu "bellicose puppet group."

5. These remarks were printed on the front page of the *Times* on January 7.

6. On January 15, the *Times* received a relatively brief reply from Hanoi that did not answer any of our questions directly, but made it quite clear again that North Vietnam believed that the release of the prisoners was linked to an end of support of the South Vietnam government.

7. There was a discussion among the editors and correspondents involved at the *Times*. They believed that the thrust of the *Times*' questions had in effect been answered on January 6 by the North Vietnamese, and printed in the *New York Times* on January 7, and that the reply from the North Vietnamese to the *New York Times* did not add anything to the situation that we had not already printed. Therefore the decision was taken not to print the North Vietnamese reply.

This decision was based on what seemed to us to be a simple journalistic principle. Newspapermen ask lots of questions and receive lots of replies. They then have to decide whether the replies they receive present any new information.

If a newspaper took the position that every time it asked a question it was duty bound to print every reply it received, it would no longer be a newspaper, but a mimeograph machine, and a propaganda machine for anybody or any government to whom it addressed questions.

Obviously this would result in a situation in which a newspaper had the choice either of refraining from asking questions, or turning over the decision on what appeared in its news columns to the people or government which received the questions. I dare say it happens every day on the NATIONAL REVIEW that reporters ask questions, do not receive pertinent replies, and make the decisions not to print the replies they do receive.

On January 20, the *Times* learned that a brief summary of the exchange of questions and answers was included in a weekly report distributed for United States Government use by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service, a bureau of the Central Intelligence Agency. This report is made available to newsmen covering the State Department.

We also heard incorrect rumors had been circulating in Washington, as the result of the brief government report, that the North Vietnamese reply to our questions contained information or views that were new or significant. To prevent these rumors from circulating and getting credence, and thus creating confusion about the issue, we decided to print the whole story of the exchange including the chronology, which we did on January 21.

A. M. Rosenthal
Managing Editor
*New York Times*

*Mr. Rosenthal's explanation is entirely convincing. All the more so for revealing what the writer of the editorial had not known, namely that there were rumors about, misrepresenting the exchange.* —*Ed.*

■ Dear Sir:

What with Gabriel going down on three no trumps and you losing your memory. Things seems to be in a bad way up there ["Notes & Asides," Jan. 21].

It was I who said you move in a mysterious way as any Episcopalian knows.

Talking of mysterious ways, fancy my having to reach you care of Bill Buckley.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

William Cowper
Bronxville, N.Y.
**—WFB**

**IN OUR NEXT:**

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Reports from

Red China



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# WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1972?

## *Will You Be $500 Richer as*

# PROPHET OF THE YEAR

Here we go again, with a chance for you to play prophet—and win $500 (first prize), or $300 (second prize), or perhaps "only" $200 (third prize), or would you turn up your nose at one of two $100 runner-up prizes?

ALL YOU NEED DO is mark each statement on the entry form "True" or "False," fill in the rest of the form, and watch the headlines to see how you make out.

ENTER NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 6, 1972, to be eligible. The form below, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. *One entry only per contestant.*

Winners will be named as soon after December 31, 1972, as entries can be graded. Judges are the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 E. 35 St., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

CONTESTANT'S NAME *(please print)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I have marked the questionnaire according to the directions, as my entry in the 1972 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest, with the following instructions:

☐ Please enter my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, or extend my existing subscription for one year at the regular $12 rate.

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to:

NAME *(please print)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Please send NATIONAL REVIEW for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ *I enclose $12* ☐ *Please bill me*

**TIE-BREAKING QUESTION:**

*The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1972 was* _____

*(In the case of any dispute, ambiguity or confusion, the decision of the editors of* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be final.)*

**QUESTIONS for 1972 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest**
**Assuming that the following statements refer to the calendar year 1972 and that the date is December 31, 1972, mark each of them "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:**

| | T | F |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew were re-elected. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 2. Walter Cronkite is no longer anchor man of CBS Evening News. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 3. Bobby Fischer is the world chess champion. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 4. John Ashbrook won at least 15 per cent of the vote in the Florida Republican primary. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 5. Wage and price controls were abolished before the Presidential election. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 6. Angela Davis was acquitted. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 7. United States athletes won more gold medals than Soviet athletes in the summer Olympics. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 8. At least two but not more than three of the following were defeated for re-election: Charles Percy, Strom Thurmond, John Tower, Claiborne Pell, Mark Hatfield. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 9. The consumer price index during 1972 rose by less than 4 per cent. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 10. At least two of the following television shows have been dropped: *Gunsmoke, All in the Family, Mission Impossible, Laugh-In, As the World Turns.* | ☐ | ☐ |
| 11. The Republican Party increased its representation in the Senate. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 12. Muhammad Ali is Heavyweight Champion of the World. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 13. Disturbances resulting in at least fifty arrests took place in conjunction with both the Democratic and the Republican conventions. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 14. At least two of the following are dead: Mao Tse-tung, Franco, Tito, William O. Douglas, Angela Davis, Linus Pauling, Pablo Picasso, Golda Meir, George Wallace. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 15. It is public knowledge that at least one of the following couples has ceased cohabiting: the Richard Burtons, the Aristotle Onassises, the Clifford Irvings. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 16. Eugene McCarthy did not support the Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 17. Either Bernardine Dohrn or Stephen Bingham (or both) reappeared and is (are) under arrest. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 18. At least twelve states have adopted "no fault" auto insurance. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 19. John Lindsay will get more than 150 votes on the first roll call for the Presidential nomination at the Democratic Convention. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 20. Congress raised the federal minimum wage to at least $2 an hour. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 21. It costs 10 cents (or more) to mail a first-class letter. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 22. Israeli troops remain on the East Bank of the Suez Canal. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 23. Fewer than 25,000 regular U. S. troops remain in South Vietnam. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 24. A Boeing 747 crashed with loss of life. | ☐ | ☐ |
| 25. At least two of the following are no longer heads of government: Salvador Allende, Tito, Nixon, Mujibur Rahman, Edward Heath, Willy Brandt, Golda Meir, Pierre Trudeau. | ☐ | ☐ |

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# What Quid for What Quo?



JAMES BURNHAM

THERE ARE only two possible objectives the President could have had in mind for his Peking turn, and I assume he is pursuing both: first, to help him get re-elected; second, to facilitate a balance-of-power diplomacy.

In relation to the first objective he seems to be doing fairly well so far. The Peking turn, together with associated acrobatics, has kept Mr. Nixon in so bright a glare of upstage publicity that his rivals appear dim and dwarfed. The TV-radio-newspaper coverage in conjunction with the current Peking visit will cost tens of millions of dollars. All of it will be free—that is, paid for by the U.S. Treasury; none of it, happily, will be subject to the provisions of the new law limiting campaign outlays. Professionals are agreed that this mammoth sort of image-projection is a formidable asset in an electoral battle. Of course, if something went badly and obviously wrong, the media magnification might make it still worse. But no doubt Mr. Nixon figures that if something does go badly wrong, it won't be obvious by November.

There can be no objection in principle to balance-of-power methods in dealing with the Communist nations, but it is easier to talk about balancing power than to do it. What balancing comes down to is the flat tradeoff: What do we give and what do we get?

It should not be supposed that balance-of-power diplomacy is a novelty introduced by Mr. Nixon and Henry Kissinger. There are always balance-of-power elements in all international relations, including U.S. relations with the Communist states over the past generation. In the Pacific-Asia region, specifically, the U.S. has sought (not without some success) to keep the Pacific "island triangle" of Japan-Indonesia-Australia, along with the Philippines, Taiwan and the peninsulas (South Korea, Southeast Asia, the Indian subcontinent), among the counterweights to the Communist power on the mainland. In fact, the Vietnam war can be seen as an effort to prevent this balance from tipping against us.

## *First Fruits of Peking*

The first result of the Peking turn, intensified by the shock tactic Mr. Nixon used to start it off, was to reduce nearly all of these weights on our side of the balance. Some may recover, but several may shift toward a neutral center or even all the way to the other pan. The signs already suggest that the logic of the Peking turn will entail the abandonment of Thieu, whose four No's are the symbol of South Vietnamese resistance to Communist takeover, and of the Nationalist Chinese. The imminence of his Peking visit compelled the President to handle the Bangladesh affair in the worst possible manner from the standpoint of U.S. interests. Already the Peking turn has produced a decisive shift toward Peking in the 21 million overseas Chinese.

For the U.S. to show a net gain from the turn, Peking's quids for our quos will have to outweigh all these present and accumulating losses as well as what additional gifts we offer.

The counters in balance-of-power operations do not consist of ceremonial receptions of visiting dignitaries, favorable press notices and cultural exchanges. England was probably the most skilled balance-of-power practitioner in history, and we can learn the nature of the art from the methods whereby over more than three centuries, she put together her counterbalance against Spain, France and Germany as one or the other threatened to consolidate a continental system against English mercantile and financial predominance. The bargains were hammered out in terms of money, soldiers, territory, ships of the line, dynastic rearrangements, overseas colonies and privileges, military pacts.

What are Mao and Chou going to offer their guest, besides a glimpse of China's tourist attractions and some delicious Chinese banquets? What will Mr. Nixon *ask* for, what does he *want* of them? What, indeed *could* they give that the U.S. might want?

China has nothing much to interest the U.S. in the way of raw materials or trade—nothing comparable in the foreseeable future to the island triangle or any one of its units, not as much in sober fact as India or Southeast Asia. The President will not expect a cession of territory. China's minuscule nuclear force could add nothing significant to the U.S. strategic arm. It is hard to think of *anything* except a mutual defense treaty providing that, if the Soviet Union made a non-nuclear move against NATO in the west, China would move against the Soviet Union in the east. But if (all things being possible, however unlikely) this were offered by Peking, it would include the balancing commitment that if the Soviet Union moved against China, the U.S. would move (and how else could the U.S. make such a move except by a nuclear strike?) against the Soviet Union. Apart from all else, would the U.S. accept the word of Chinese Communists on an ultimate matter of national survival? or vice versa?

## *Mao the Peacemaker?*

Might Peking offer help in finishing with the Vietnam war? This may be among the President's fond wishes. But, a) there is no certainty that Peking could help much to end the war even if it wanted to, and b) there is no indication that it wants to end it otherwise than in U.S. defeat.

The potential on our side is very different. We have lots of things to offer that China would like to have: big credits; machinery; technological know-how; weapons; Taiwan; support of Chinese claims to offshore petroleum rights in the waters between China and Japan; a withdrawal from Southeast Asia that leaves it open to Chinese hegemony; legitimization of the regime, including its Tibetan conquest; support of its irredentist claims in Soviet East Asia. How much is Mr. Nixon prepared to give, or to promise? The consequences of the Peking turn, as I have noted, have already given away a good deal, with more on the way. What more quo will he produce for his hosts without getting some solid quid?

Or is no price too high for Mr. Nixon's re-election? □



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RED CHINA

*If the Prophet Jeremiah had seen some of the rosy-hued reports that have been coming out of Red China he might have remarked: "O foolish people which have eyes and see not; which have ears and hear not"*

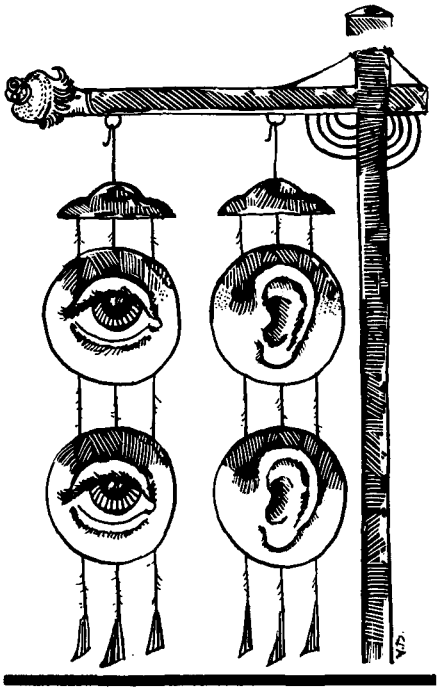
# A Reader's Guide to Visitors' Reports

ALAN REYNOLDS

LAST YEAR'S admission of a handful of American visitors to Communist China resulted in a profusion of eyewitness reports, in which well-chosen observations were often combined with remarkably innocent interpretations. Taken as a whole, these accounts give the impression that Red China's cities are immaculate; that pollution is largely solved; that workers lead fairly comfortable lives; that restaurants and subways are very cheap; that everyone is guaranteed an adequate income; that education and most medical care is free; that there are no taxes; that industry is growing rapidly; that law and order have been restored; that the people appear content or even enthusiastic about the Mao regime; and so on.

The reports are strikingly similar in tone to those which came out of Stalin's "workers' paradise." The new China apologists also tend to exaggerate achievements, while conspicuously neglecting the *costs* of these accomplishments in terms of alternatives foregone, and also in human terms of physical suffering and the stifling of the individual creative spirit.

First, we are usually confronted with a housewife's vision of surgical cleanliness, and an almost Naderesque crusade against pollution. In the *New York Times* (May 1, 1971), Audrey Topping tells us: "The People's Republic of China is faultlessly clean." Not *parts* of the country are clean, mind you. Not a few main streets or even whole cities, but the *entire nation* is "faultlessly clean." It is significant that Mrs. Topping speaks primarily of Peking, as compared to how it looked immediately following the Japanese invasion and subsequent civil war. Should we be surprised that they've tidied up a war-torn



capital somewhat in 23 years? Virtually none of the reports, moreover, says much about the beauty of cities other than Peking. Little is said about Tientsin, the third largest city, with the notable exception of this vivid description (*N.Y. Times*, May 11, 1971): "Little new building has been done, many structures are grimy and dilapidated, debris clogs many side streets and factory chimneys belch uncontrolled coal smoke." So much for the Mr. Clean commercial.

Claire Sterling in the *Washington Post*, March 20, 1971, tells us: "It may come as a shock to some of us in the West to learn that Mao Tse-tung takes better care of the environment than we do." But should a large country with so little industry be having trouble with the pollution of air and water? Tiny Japan has a highway system three times as large as Red China's; the average Englishman uses fifty times as much electricity as does a Chinese. Comparisons of Red China's industrial pollution problems with those of the United States are patently absurd. "Unlike the opulent West," says Miss Sterling, "China does not abound in the more profligate kinds of waste: plastic containers, tin cans, old cars and castoff refrigerators." There we have it. Mao has discovered the ultimate ecological solution: When the people have nothing, nothing can be wasted.

[illegible] but the people of Mainland China have plenty of goods. Seymour Topping visited the nation's two largest stores, and found "an array of goods of greater volume and variety than has been available since the Communist takeover in 1949" (*N.Y. Times*, May 31, 1971). That sounds pretty good—at first glance. What it *says*, however, is that there were more goods *before* Communism than there are now, but there are more goods now than there were in 1949.

THEY GRANT that there are few luxuries, but describe how the "average man" lives, and it doesn't sound so bad. The question now is: Just how average is "average"? Factory workers: The recent abolition of incentive and overtime pay has reduced top incomes, but factory incomes still vary from about 17 to 188 yuan ($7 to $75) a month (Hsinhua, the official news agency, explains that industrial wage levels are set quite low "in order to strengthen worker-peasant unity"). That's a substantial variation. One reporter "selected a worker to interview," and found that the family of six had a two-bedroom apartment, ate meat once a day and actually saved



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money (might as well save—there's nothing to spend it on). How typical is this? The man selected is a big-city foreman, his wife works and two of his children work. Their combined incomes are 127 yuan (about $51).

Peasants in the very best "showplace" communes, by contrast, have average *household* incomes of about half this sum. Over 80 per cent of the population are peasants. Moreover, as Ross Terrill points out (*Atlantic*, November 1971): "Enormous variations mark rural conditions." If a visitor could artfully dodge the guided tour, he would find that most communes are much less mechanized, much poorer than the "Red Star" commune, which is the usual one seen.

True, many peasants are now allowed to supplement their communal incomes by raising pigs and vegetables on tiny private plots. Work on these plots must be done in "spare time," however. An interview with a recent Japanese repatriate confirms that most peasants work seven days a week from sunrise to sunset (*U.S. News & World Report*, February 15, 1971). Moreover, Mao has periodically abolished these vital remnants of private enterprise, and probably will do so again. Much of the recent progress of the Chinese economy can, in fact, be attributed to the output of private plots, and to the relative stability of the pervasive military dictatorship which followed the chaotic Cultural Revolution.

We're constantly reminded not to judge Red China's cult of austerity by Western standards. It isn't obvious, however, why a comparison with Taiwan should be as embarrassing as it is: A Chinese Communist must work 25 to fifty days to buy a radio, a Chinese Nationalist works seven to eight days for a radio; a Communist works 1,200 days for a small car, a Nationalist works 466 days for a car; a Communist works one-half to a whole day for a bar of soap, a Nationalist works 45 minutes for a bar of soap; and so on (*A New Look at Red China*, published by *U.S. News & World Report*).

A surprising number of visitors became absolutely ecstatic over the discovery that restaurant meals are quite inexpensive—relative, at least, to American incomes. A collection of essays on Communist China, edited by Schurman and Schell, remarks, "Tourists all report that . . . restaurants and hotels are good." Which is to say that it's a nice place to visit, *but* . . .

Professor Ping-ti Ho has generously provided this classic display of economic sophistry: "Because restaurants are owned and operated by the state, they do not make profits. Meal prices are therefore extremely low." The notion that state enterprises never make profits is absolute nonsense. Dwight Perkins, Professor of China Studies at Harvard, estimates that products of state enterprises carry a mark-up that *averages* over 40 per cent above costs. Since the government controls prices and production, some goods and services can be sold at or below cost by raising the prices and restricting production of other goods and services. Workers, materials and buildings devoted to one use are thereby excluded from other uses; wages and prices paid to produce a restaurant meal must come from somewhere. Tourists may sleep in inexpensive hotels, eat cheap restaurant meals and ride subsidized trains and subways. The masses of China, however, must therefore face prohibitive prices for meat and cloth.

Naïve visitors are surprised to find few queues and no rationing of many items, such as wool or silk. But there is no need for rationing or queues when prices are set beyond the reach of all but the party favorites. Two of the most important items in the Chinese budget *are* severely rationed, however, namely cotton cloth (eighteen feet per family per year) and grain.

ANOTHER delightful bit of economic humor is William Attwood's statement that "there are no taxes" in Red China (*Newsday*, July 16, 1971). Socialist governments, we're apparently asked to believe, are able to finance an enormous military apparatus and provide free services without either profits or taxes. Such are the wonders of socialism. Actually, even if we ignored the profits of over 40 per cent in state enterprises, and the 55 per cent siphoned off communal earnings, and the 25 to 30 per cent of wages paid to the state, there is also a 5 to 6 per cent tax on agricultural production, so the statement isn't even correct semantically, much less conceptually. Looking at the total picture, the costs of state activities represent an enormous tax that falls most heavily on the poorest four-fifths of the population—namely, the peasants who draw virtually no benefits from the government.

It is hard to believe even "factual" reports on economic matters, since they often contradict each other, and even contradict themselves. Seymour Topping, for example, says, "The value of the yuan . . . is 2.4 to the dollar" (*N.Y. Times*, June 3, 1971). Three days earlier, however, Topping wrote, "1 yuan equals $2.40," which is completely wrong, and is inconsistent with his other statement: 2.4 to the dollar equals about 40 cents, *not* 2 dollars and 40 cents. Other economic reports simply parrot official pronouncements, which are notoriously inaccurate. In 1958, official figures showed a 105 per cent increase in food output; the figure was officially revised to 35 per cent in 1959, and from the famine of 1960 until 1971, economic statistics became top secret.

THE MUCH-VAUNTED welfare schemes of Red China are likewise anything but "free." Outlay for workmen's compensation (safety measures are nonexistent), medical assistance, income subsidies and retirement plans is well above one-quarter of the national wage bill. Obviously, some of these resources could be used to offset the shortage of meat, clothing, housing and transportation, but Big Brother Mao has decided otherwise. Predictably, though peasants get to keep less than half of what their communes produce, peasants are not entitled to the welfare, medical, retirement or schooling benefits extended to the urban proletariat. Even the city-workers' benefits aren't quite as utopian as our tourists imply.

"The Chinese government," writes Seymour Topping, "has put into effect a welfare system designed to assure every family a minimum standard of living." It is undeniably true that the Communists keep everyone at a "minimum standard of living," but their "welfare system" assures far less: The urban income floor of 12 yuan per person per month is only 2 yuan more than the average expenditure on food alone.

In a *Washington Post* article entitled "U.S. Doctor Finds Medicine in China Is Equal of West's" (October 7, 1971), Dr. E. Grey Diamond explains: "Most of the people in that huge country still

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*Mr. Reynolds is an Associate Editor of* NR.



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get most of their care from doctors who go out into the hills and make their own medicines from substances they've been using for two thousand years." These part-time "barefoot doctors" are also performing surgery after four months of informal training. The very best medical education now available is a three-year program that also includes military training, manual labor, political indoctrination and on-the-job training (*Time*, January 10, 1972). There would seem to be some slight exaggeration involved in the implication that "doctors" who have from four to 36 months of casual education, and who rely on herbs, needles and ground bones, are "the equal of" American physicians.

Schooling and nurseries are other services which are supposedly "free," that is, paid for by no one at all, thanks to the magic of government. The state cares for children from the age of eighteen months, so that mothers can work (women's "equality" allows them to work on road gangs and in coal mines, but only fifteen of the 170 Central Committee members are women). The entire "education" of the children, even before kindergarten, is directed toward worship of the person of Mao Tse-tung, and toward indoctrination in the insignificance of the individual. Ruth Sidel suggests in the *Washington Post* (December 19, 1971), that the Chinese effort to educate children to "pay minimal attention to self-interest . . . might have something to teach us in the West." True enough. It should teach us the horrible dangers of a centralized educational Leviathan.

Communist China has waged an all-out war against higher education. Four major universities, which had a combined enrollment of 28,700 before the Cultural Revolution, now have an enrollment of about four thousand. Students are admitted largely on the basis of health, work experience and, especially, political loyalty. Courses are almost entirely practical, with producing shops and plants right on the campus. There are no arts or humanities except Maoist politics. Graduation time has been cut in half. Along with millions of former Red Guard students, many professors, including the former chancellor of Tsinghua University, have been sent to rural labor camps (or "7 May Schools") for "re-education."

Some China observers who are reasonably realistic about existing conditions put their unshakable faith in economic growth. Robert Keatley describes the "new" industrial self-reliance wherein factories make the machines they need, and also produce other products out of waste materials: "And so far it's working. American analysts say China's industrial growth rate last year was 15 per cent" (*Wall Street Journal*, July 2, 1971). This is a good example of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* reasoning. The 15 per cent industrial growth represents a typically fast recovery from the serious decline during the anarchic Cultural Revolution. It's quite possible that more was lost than was recovered. Besides, one year hardly constitutes a trend. "Self-reliance" is simply a variation on the "backyard furnace" idea which proved so disastrous during the Great Leap Backward in 1959. Small scale, uncoordinated, unspecialized production inevitably raises over-all costs, and creates simultaneous shortages and surpluses.

Finally, whenever a controlled-price economy talks about "growth," one should ask what exactly it was that grew. If China produced a lot of mud pies, some statistician would add up the wages paid to mud pie producers, and stick the sum into the Gross National Product. In this instance, the fastest growing industries for the past decade have been weapons and weapon-related products, such as petroleum and steel. It would be the ultimate in naïveté to hang one's hopes for the Chinese masses on a growing capacity to produce death.

The agricultural sector has been doing fairly well, due to new high-yield rice varieties, though not nearly so well as the rest of Asia (only China is still importing grain). "Agricultural production at Zun Jua," reports Alessandro Casella, "particularly in certain cereal grains, has improved from the low point of Cultural Revolution days to a twenty-year high, according to official figures for 1970" (*Washington Post*, July 8, 1971). If that sounds terrific, look again. If you read between the lines, Casella is saying that according to optimistic government figures, production of certain grains at one commune is higher than in 1950.

A popular euphemism is to describe Communist China's military dictatorship as a restoration of "law and order." There is no constitution and

*(Continues on page 235)*



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# How Happy Are the Peasants?

*Mao Tse-tung has turned a nation of tillers into a nation of slaves. And the peasant has retaliated by refusing to produce for the slavemaster. Not to work is the peasants' only sanction*

KARL A. WITTFOGEL

I SUBMIT that the fate of the peasants under Mao Tse-tung's regime is a phenomenon that is abysmally neglected by many who profess an ardent desire to establish contacts with the Chinese "people" (in China the tillers of the soil happen to be the vast majority of the people). I submit that Mao's villagers are profoundly alienated from the work they perform on the collectivized land and that the resulting agrarian crisis has crippled Communist China's economic development and is still crippling it today. And I submit that these facts give the lie to those "friends" of the Chinese people, who, when setting foot on the Chinese Mainland, on the soil of what Montesquieu called "political slavery" and what Marx and Bakunin called "political" and "economic" slavery, happily fraternize with the masters of this gigantic slave plantation, aware that they will not be able to communicate freely with the plantation slaves and content to hear the house slaves explain the alleged efficiency and contentment of the plantation slaves.

What did Mao Tse-tung do with the peasants who came under his sway? In a pamphlet ("Mao Tse-tung, Liberator or Destroyer of the Chinese Peasants?") written in 1955, when the collectivization was just beginning, I characterized the Chinese Communist land reform as economically unsatisfactory and politically demagogical. I predicted that, contrary to Mao's promises of *slow* and *voluntary* change toward "cooperative" farming, change would be *fast* and *enforced*, and that "in less than a decade" the Mainland peasants would be "transformed from small independent producers into farmhands, who, unprotected by independent unions or other balancing social forces," would have to work for "the most oppressive boss of all time," a totalitarian Communist bureaucracy.

What I predicted then has become history. After a period of limited collectivization from 1953 to 1955, the full collectivization of agriculture was completed in 1957. And the rural producers, who had worked intensively on their tiny private plots (*ca.* 5 per cent of all cultivable land), did not take an equally "positive attitude" when they worked on the collective fields.

In 1787, Arthur Young, the great English writer on agriculture, remarked, on the basis of his European experiences, that "the magic of [private] property turns sand to gold."[1] This statement needs to be qualified when we deal with agrarian systems that are not bureaucratized. It is certainly valid for Communist countries which collectivize and bureaucratize an *extensive* agriculture, the use of machinery notwithstanding.[2] And it is spectacularly valid for Communist countries with an intensive agriculture requiring many more operations, which, after collectivization, are especially open to economic resistance. This is what has been happening in Mainland China. Rephrasing Young's famous epigram, we may say that by removing the basic incentives of his country's agriculture, Mao Tse-tung is indeed turning *gold to sand*.

## *Organizing the Communes*

I did not, in 1955, foresee the complex and partly irrational methods Mao would invoke in order to overcome the types of resistance employed by the peasants. I did not foresee how irrationally the aging Mao would act in order to set up a "communist" economy prior to the Russians and to make himself the supreme leader of the international Communist movement. Although in 1960 I conceptualized the phenomenon of "the growing megalomania of the aging autocrat" and its relevance to Mao,[3] I was reluctant to believe that Mao would carry his campaigns for the total submission of the rural population as far as he did. His

1. Arthur Young, *Travels in the Kingdom of France*, Dublin 1793, Vol. 1, pp. 153.
2. Karl A. Wittfogel, "Communist and Non-Communist Agrarian Systems with Special Reference to the USSR and Communist China," in *Agrarian Policies and Problems in Communist and Non-Communist Countries*, ed. W. A. Douglas Jackson, Seattle 1971, pp. 31. Hereafter cited as Wittfogel 1971.
3. Karl A. Wittfogel, "A Stronger Oriental Despotism," in *China Quarterly* 1960, No. 1, p. 32.



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survival, despite these almost suicidal campaigns, and his capacity in the Cultural Revolution to overwhelm his opponents in the civil bureaucracy by rallying the military bureaucracy against them, show his enormous resilience, age and irrationality notwithstanding. But like Sinbad's evil dwarf, Mao survived by tyrannizing over a seriously hurt and weakened victim.

And like the dwarf's victim, Mao's subjects could not shake off the force that was controlling them. They could not bring down Mao's regime by overt political and military resistance. But they could, and still do, combat it covertly by a type of economic resistance that is singularly suited to China's intensive agricultural economy.

In 1953-1954 when Mao began to collectivize the land, the peasants responded by killing their farm animals and by cutting down their fruit trees. When in 1956/57 Mao seized all their land, the peasants responded by reducing their work efforts so sharply that Peking was faced with an immense "labor shortage." The following winter, Mao tried to supplement his organizational and proprietary revolution with a hydraulic revolution, by having 100 million able-bodied men each spend 130 days working on irrigation and flood control projects; again the peasants thwarted him. The newly irrigated land, which in pre-Communist China would have resulted in a sizable increase in production, did nothing of the kind in Mao's China. The added input of water and fertilizing sediments was neutralized by the growing bitterness of the rural cultivaters and far from being reduced, the "labor shortage" became still more threatening.

When, in the summer of 1958, Mao's regime tried to overcome its labor shortage by mobilizing millions of women for work in the fields in addition to cadres, students, soldiers and workers, the villagers continued to resist. They were so effective that Mao had to resort to a supreme countermove: the establishment of communes in which men and women were "organized along military lines."

*Karl Wittfogel, professor-emeritus of Columbia and the University of Washington, is the author of* Oriental Despotism, *perhaps the most profound study ever made of China's "hydraulic civilization."*

The struggle of Mao's villagers against the total communes of 1958 and the subsequent semi-communes lasted three years. For a time it weakened Mao's supreme position and created a protracted calamity that the Chinese Communists obscured as Stalin, their teacher, had before them.

The English expert, Professor Robert Conquest, explains in his recent study, *The Human Cost of Communism in the Soviet Union*,[4] how successfully Stalin prevented the outside world from learning what was happening in core areas of the USSR during the famine of 1932-1933. According to Conquest, this famime was "the only major famine" whose "very existence was ignored or dismissed by the government authorities." Left-wing and liberal circles in the West persuaded themselves that "the story was untrue or [a much easier view] greatly exaggerated," and they were comforted by reports of "specially shepherded travelers," who had been "taken to prepared spots in the area and had generalized from that." In a private conversation with Churchill a decade later Stalin admitted that the casualties had been very high. Conquest estimates that they added up to "about five million deaths from hunger and from diseases of hunger." Among the famines listed in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Conquest found only one that was more destructive—"China in 1877-1878."

Edgar Snow, whom the Peking regime invited to visit certain areas in the summer and early fall of 1960 at the height of the disaster, told his readers in a report written in the next months that while "in China the food shortage was severe" there was "no visible starvation and the population was in good health and working condition."[5] Thus Snow generalized for the whole of the country what he had seen in some places; and what he described showed that he had not properly evaluated even what he had been permitted to see.

## *Inside Sources*

I consider it essential here to show the untenability of the Chinese Communist contention that, although there was a severe food shortage, the country was not suffering from a genuine famine. Compelling factual evidence has it otherwise. Some of this evidence has come from eye-witnesses who escaped to Hong Kong and who, as again happened during the so-called Cultural Revolution,[6] told their stories. (Being a former inmate of a Hitler concentration camp, I can bear witness that most reports of this kind, however emotionally colored, are substantially correct. In fact, and not infrequently, they understate the reality.) Other evidence has appeared in publications that either circulated openly inside Mainland China or were distributed in confidence to special groups.

4. Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act . . . of the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate, Washington 1971, p. 13.

5. Edgar Snow, *The Other Side of the River*. New York 1961, p. 615.

6. Cf. Dr. Ivan London and Miriam London, "The Making of a Red Guard," *New York Times Magazine*, January 4, 1970, cf. Ken Ling, *The Revenge of Heaven*. Ed. Miriam London and Ta-ling Lee. New York 1971.



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An example of the first type of evidence is the statement, made in the official Chinese Communist Party organ, the *People's Daily* on December 29, 1960, which asserted that the then-calamity was the worst China had experienced "during the past hundred years."

## *A Chinese Tragedy*

Among the pertinent confidential sources, most important is the publication *Work Bulletin* (*Kung-tso T'ung-hsün*) which the high command of the People's Liberation Army issued to its higher officers. The 29 numbers of the *Bulletin*, which cover the period from January 1 to August 26, 1961 and which through a stroke of luck reached the outer world, are accepted as authentic by independent experts.[7] They supplement Professor Richard L. Walker's illuminating account, *The Human Cost of Communism in China*,[8] with the facts and figures on the devastation brought about by Peking's disastrous economic policies in the years 1959 to 1961. The 29 issues of the *Work Bulletin* show that the Peking authorities were fully aware of the many individuals who were weakened, sickened or died "unnatural" or "unnormal" deaths as a result of the famine. They show that these casualties occurred not only in a limited part of North China, as was the case in 1877-1878, but in many regions throughout the whole country and that Mao's famine lasted much longer.

The *Work Bulletin* contains a report by the "First Army" about the condition of the families of its soldiers for the winter 1960-61 which reads as follows: "According to incomplete army statistics about 10 per cent of families suffered unnormal deaths." The editors of the *Bulletin* abbreviated the report. (Its authors had already protected themselves by claiming that the setting in which the stricken families lived was "rotten to the core."[9]) The *Bulletin* says nothing about the fact that families in which "unnormal" deaths occurred not infrequently had suffered more than one casualty. Furthermore, information given in the *Bulletin* concerning a number of provinces in north, northwest, central, west and southwest China does *not* associate the devastating disasters in those areas with particularly "rotten" conditions. And it seems that far more than 10 per cent of the soldiers were deeply disturbed by the havoc the disaster was causing at home. (Soldiers from several areas, doubting that the famine was due to inclement weather, suggested that it was very probably due to the agrarian policies of the government.)

But no matter how high the casualty

list of the "incomplete" army statistics is, it is extremely significant, since we have reason to believe that the soldiers' families generally lived under conditions that were no worse than those of other families, and possibly somewhat better. If in 1959-1961 there were about 130 million families in Mainland China, and if the "incomplete" statistics are in any way indicative of the fate of the mass of the country's families, then we arrive at a figure for the two first years of the famine of something like ten to sixteen million deaths and for all three years of the famine at something like fifteen to 24 million deaths.

The stickler for absolute accuracy may claim that our estimate is either too low or too high, then on the basis of his calculations there may have been more than 25 million deaths or "only" fifteen million. "Only" fifteen million. We welcome any serious analysis that reaches conclusions different from ours. But numerical arguments must not divert attention from the underlying human tragedy, which is incontestible, and from its political significance, which is obvious.

## *Sun: The Symbol*

When contemplating the political aspect of the matter, we must, of course, contrast the rural development in free China (Taiwan) with that of Mainland China. In comparisons made over the years, I have used the classical concept of a special Asiatic society, which defines the historical root of the two divergent developments. This approach is not identical with that of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, but overlaps important features of his argument,[10] employing the idea of Asiatic society in transition to identify the ameliorative potential of such a transition. This potential evolved with understandable inconsistencies in Nationalist China. I consider it necessary to point this out, since some of our American friends expect Communist China to become a "progressive" nation. On the basis of Marx' concept of Asiatic society and Lenin's concept of the possibility of a regressive Asiatic restoration *after* the revolution he envisioned[11]—such a perspective is illusionary, not to say absurd.

Not a few among the rural producers in Communist China are aware of the differences between the agrarian policies of Mao Tse-tung, on the one one hand, and of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, on the other. According to the *Work Bulletin*, a soldier of the Red Army made a highly revealing statement that the editors had every reason to keep hidden from the general population. This particular soldier, Chen P-'an-t'ing by

*(Continues on page 236)*

7. See *China Quarterly* 1964, No. 18, pp. 67; 1966, No. 27, pp. 174.
8. Subcommittee to Investigate the Adminstration of the Internal Security Act . . . United States Senate, Washington 1971, p. 16.
9. *The Politics of the Chinese Red Army* [*Work Bulletin*] ed. Chester Cheng, The Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace. Stanford 1966, p. 164. Hereafter cited as WB.
10. See Karl A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism. A Comparative Study of Total Power*, New Haven 1957. Sun Yat-sen, *San Min Chu I, The Three Principles of the People*. Chungking 1943, p. 169. Cf. also Karl A. Wittfogel, "Social Revolution in China," in *A World in Revolution?* ed. by Eugene Kamenka. Canberra 1970, p. 47.
11. See Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism*, pp. 391, 439 ff.



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THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA

*What's the feeling in Nationalist China six months later as Richard Nixon's plane lands in Peking? Do they trust the U.S.? Are they preparing other defensive alliances? Do they think they can survive?*

# Can Free China Survive?

DAVID NELSON ROWE

THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA (ROC) includes not only Taiwan and the neighboring Pescadores Islands, but the Matsu and Kinmen (Quemoy) groups close up to the Communist Mainland. In these territories there are now over fifteen million people who enjoy the fruits of the Modernizing Chinese Revolution of our time. To this Revolution the ROC is the sole heir, and it carries it on with unabated energy, determination, skill and devotion.

Today, as a result of its expulsion from the United Nations and the admission of Red China, the ROC has come to another important crisis in its life. What is it, and what does it mean?

By way of background, President Nixon in his State of the World message of February 25, 1971, while opening the door to UN membership for the Chinese Communists, had promised to continue to resist attempts "to deprive the Republic of China of its place as a member of the United Nations and its specialized agencies." A simple majority vote in favor of expelling the ROC from the UN and for admitting the Red Chinese had been cast in the UN General Assembly in 1970. It thus became clear that the so-called "important question" tactic (requiring a two-thirds majority) for expulsion would probably be ineffectual in 1971. Nevertheless the United States held to this tactic. The ROC loyally went along and did not invoke the other main provisions of the UN Charter which clearly applied to the matter.

In this respect, Secretary of State Rogers and other U.S. officials repeatedly, and correctly, labeled the UN action toward the ROC as "expulsion" of a member. Under the Charter expulsion of a Permanent Member of the Security Council by a simple majority vote of the General Assembly is clearly illegal.

To the government and people of the ROC the announcement, on July 15, 1971, of President Nixon's visit to Communist China had seemed to maximize the chances of a reaction against them in the coming UN session. When Henry Kissinger made his second visit to Peking just at the time of the voting in the General Assembly, they believed it helped swing votes away from them. Dr. Kissinger implied that the question of Taiwan (as it is usually miscalled) should be a matter for negotiation between the ROC and the Chinese Communists.

All this made it very difficult to take at face value the continuous stream of statements by U.S. officialdom that even after the expulsion of the ROC from the UN the United States would continue to recognize the ROC and to come to its defense in case of attack, as provided in the Mutual Security Treaty of 1955. After all, in 1949-50 President Truman had refused further military assistance to the ROC: In January 1950, Secretary of State Acheson had declared both South Korea and Formosa (Taiwan) to be beyond our defense perimeter in the western Pacific. Was the United States about to revert to these policies of the past?

IN 1945 the United States had decided that the ROC must be brought into a coalition government with its sworn enemy and inveterate opponent, the Communist Party. Was Dr. Kissinger now trying to revive some such strategy by urging negotiations between the ROC and the Chinese Communists? The 1971 two Chinas policy had resulted in a complete victory of the Communists in the UN and the complete defeat of the ROC there. Would President Nixon's trip to Peking carry this defeat still further?

These apprehensions combined with a wave of shock, anger and bitterness in the government and people of the Republic of China. We must remember that many of those who had come over from the Mainland twenty years before had lost everything they owned to the



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Communists. Was disaster to engulf them again? But the tradition of revolutionary persistence in the face of defeat and seeming disaster is as strong as ever in the Republic of China. A very few people decided to liquidate their holdings in the local economy, but they were soon to see all values climb even higher than before. No major defections of any kind have been indicated. The resolution and steadfastness of the people of Free China, from President Chiang Kai-shek on down, is often surprising even to those who know it best.

Being forced out of the UN was a bitter blow to prestige and a cruel injustice, undeserved on the record. But the dignity and assurance of the Republic of China survives unharmed. Furthermore, the ROC has simply proceeded to adjust and innovate on every front.

In foreign affairs, for instance, a new flexible policy has been initiated. Dealings of all sorts, on a pragmatic basis, with any and all countries, no matter what their ideologies, will be undertaken, if only the countries involved are not "hostile" to the ROC. Each case will be worked out on its merits, without regard to legalisms or technicalities. This would seem to forecast possible trade relations, for example, with any member of the Communist bloc except Communist China. The ROC has simply accepted, however unwillingly, the new developments in its international status, and has decided to make the best of them.

INTERNALLY, there are also strong tendencies toward generalizing still further the political representation and participation of the people in government, while revitalizing administration by the introduction of more vigorous young talents. For a number of years power has been flowing steadily away from the older functionaries into the hands of younger, scientifically trained personnel. Much of the ROC's progress in the past twenty years has come from this.

Another reaction to the current emergency are policies aimed at still more rapid and progressive development of the economy. The UN defeat and other foreign developments have by no means hindered economic growth. On the contrary, 1971 was the best year ever for business in the ROC, with the Gross National Product climbing by 11.4 per cent to U.S.$6,273.5 million. Per capita income increased by 10 per cent to U.S.$329 per annum, one of the highest in Asia. Foreign trade increased during 1971 by 32 per cent to a total volume of over U.S.$4 billion. This is very close to the total figure for the entire Communist Mainland with at least 47 times as many people.

The U.S. ambassador to the ROC, Mr. Walter McConaughy, predicted in a speech before the American Chamber of Commerce in Taipei on January 19, 1972 that the total foreign trade of the ROC would exceed that of the Mainland by as much as $1 billion by 1974, and that by 1975 this "margin is likely to be even bigger." (Note: in terms of value, about 28 per cent of Red China's exports are narcotics.)

Economic development in the ROC is firmly based on a substructure of high quality education, with nine years of free schooling for all. There is increasing emphasis upon vocational training. Basic research is stressed, and will be continuously developed in the future, taking into full account the skills being imported from abroad, along with capital funds. American investments in the ROC are steadily increasing and will soon reach $500 million.

Increasing attention is being given to manpower problems, particularly in view of the steady drift of labor from agriculture into industry. Some comprehensive plans have been worked out for mechanization and land consolidation as answers to the growing shortage of agricultural labor. Population has been increasing at a rate of around 2.3 per cent per year, but it being decreased.

Rapid economic and technological development is bound to bring new problems, particularly in the social welfare, labor and income fields. Much of the industrial growth is based upon the lower wage scales prevalent in the ROC (even compared to Japan and Hong Kong) as well as to the high trainability and hard-working habits of labor. No substantial wage-price inflationary spiral is likely in the near future. This, in turn, induces capital inflow, accompanied by advanced technology. This increases productivity of labor and leads to a natural, healthy growth in

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labor's income and standard of living. This is a politico-economic fact of great importance. The accompanying growth of social services, such as health insurance, is in fact spearheaded by the Nationalist Party itself, not the least of whose interests is political mobilization.

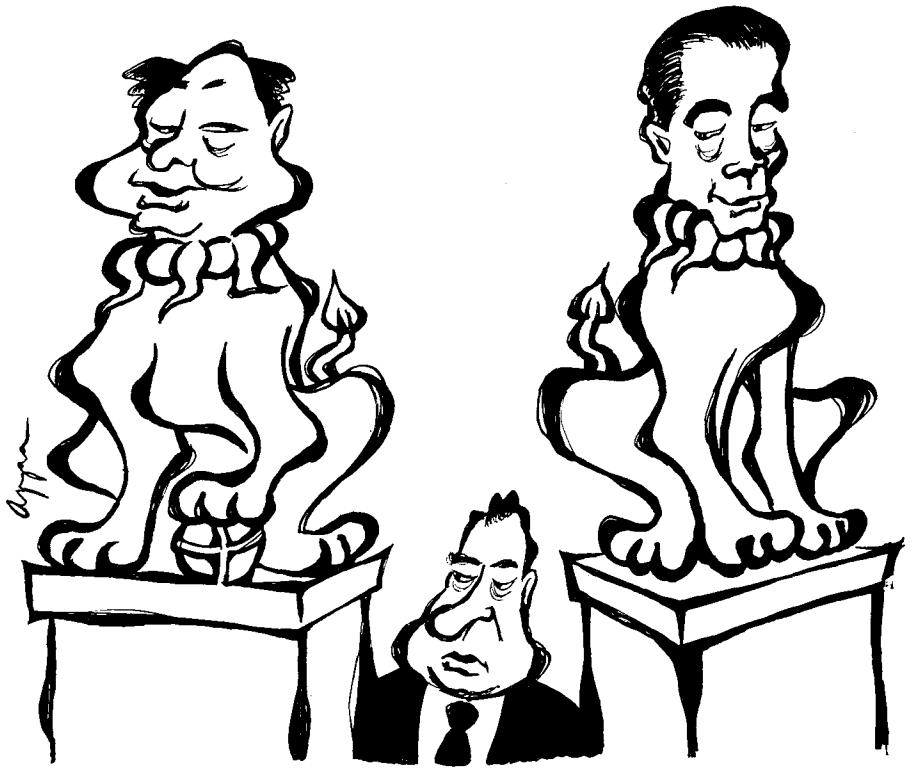
All this is related directly to the problem of internal security of the ROC. There is no doubt but that the drastic shift in the world position of the ROC will accentuate opportunities for the development of opposition to the government, from a variety of reasons and sources. But attempts at subversion have never constituted a major problem for the ROC, and they are not likely to become such in the near future.

There is no doubt of the glowing pride of the people of Free China in their social, cultural and economic achievements of the past twenty years. To them this is a living proof of the continuing validity, over the years, of their own solutions of the problems of the Modernizing Chinese Revolution. This is a fact of Chinese life, of which the people on the Mainland and in the Republic of China are all aware. It is also a fact of the continuing political warfare between Communist China and the Republic of China. But here, of course, is the danger, namely that the greater the successes of the Republic of China and the grosser the failures of the Chinese Communists, the more the latter must, in self-defense, resolve to "liberate" the people of the ROC, saying, as they do, that "no force on earth" can stop them.

It is natural, therefore, to hear the top echelons of the government of the ROC say that "economic strength is the only means to military power." While accepting the limitations of a population of fifteen million in a restricted area and with limited natural resources, the Republic of China will undoubtedly develop its armed strength to the highest degree, consistent with orderly and swift economic and social development. Aside from regular armed forces of about 600,000, it has trained military reserves several times larger, along with the necessary weapons and command structure.

Military development will no doubt be accentuated as previously relied-upon "guarantees" of their external security become less credible. In spite of assurances from the "highest quarters" in the U.S. Government that the U.S. will live up to its promises, there remains the question: What do these guarantees mean in actuality?

For example, the Chinese Communists have long demanded the "total removal of U.S. forces from Taiwan." President Nixon can hardly accede to this demand without helping to create the same situation in respect to the ROC that Mr. Acheson did for the Republic of Korea by his announcement of its being beyond our defense perimeter and which helped bring on the Korean War about six months later. The likelihood might be stronger, therefore, of actions that, at the start, might be described as "merely symbolic." They could begin, for instance, with a pledge by President Nixon to close down all U.S. airbases on the island of Taiwan. Perhaps the single most important of these involves the USAF use of the big airbase in central Taiwan as a waystation in air logistics for the war in Southeast Asia. This might happen soon anyway, as the war in Vietnam phases down or out.



ANOTHER suggestion is that the U.S. Military Advisory Group (MAAG) be removed. Such an action would, it seems, be far more important symbolically than materially, although its material significance cannot be completely downgraded. The increasing self-sufficiency of the Republic of China's armed forces and their capacity for maintenance, repair and replacement of military equipment have been noted. Their air force is in serious need of more modern planes for defense, but the United States has not been willing to supply them. Removal of MAAG might well stimulate the Republic of China to spend some of its foreign currency reserves on such weapons. Even though this could by no means satisfy the requirement, it would constitute a "counter-symbolism" to help offset effects of possible withdrawal of the American advisory group.

Much farther down on the list of possible options is the withdrawal of the American component of the joint Sino-American Taiwan Defense Command (TDC). Even if these joint security arrangements are to be canceled unilaterally by the U.S., despite specific guarantees that have been repeated so many times since the UN defeat, something like the TDC is essential to the American interest in the preservation of security in the area. Otherwise the ROC would be left in complete control of the options as to defense against aggression in the area. If only for such reasons, TDC removal at this time is deemed improbable.

Finally, what of the idea that the Chinese Communists would, *for the time being at least*, be satisfied if only the Republic of China would evacuate



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its armed forces from Quemoy and Matsu? These islands are in no sense bases for any possible ROC attack against the Mainland. They have been strongly attacked *from* the Communist-held Mainland, most notably in 1949 and 1958. Both attacks failed.

As things now stand, the Republic of China cannot conceivably be "talked out" of the offshore islands, and will not even discuss the matter. They have so developed the defenses of these islands that they believe, given adequate air cover, they are solidly defensible. Even if not, they will have to be driven out of them by force, since they consider them indispensable forward positions for the defense of Taiwan and the Pescadores from attack from the Mainland. The ROC's unjustifiable expulsion from the UN has hardened its will against surrendering one square inch of its national territory.

But what if the discussions between Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and President Nixon in Peking take a more general line, involving, for example, the idea that in return for a pledge by the Chinese Communists not to use force in the Taiwan Strait, America would not provide any further military support to the Republic of China? It is most doubtful, no matter what is promised on either side, that American diplomacy at this time can really succeed in getting the Chinese Communists to abjure the use of force in the Taiwan Strait, something our diplomacy has been trying to secure ever since the days of John Foster Dulles. And in the last analysis, any Chinese Communist promises along this line would be worthless.

But it will be said that the Chinese Communists have special reason to make some agreement. They want, it is claimed, to do business with us, because of their fear of Russia and the 35 or more divisions of Soviet troops along their northern borders. The so-called Sino-Soviet split is considered around the world to be main reason for the Nixon initiative toward Peking and for Mao Tse-tung's agreement to the Nixon visit. It is even being said that the troubles between Peking and Moscow have resulted in conversations between authorities of the ROC and those of both the Chinese Communists and the Russians. The Chinese Communists have themselves planted stories to the effect that the ROC has been talking and negotiating with them. On this, President Chiang Kai-shek stated in his New Year's Day message for 1972:

> The only contacts between us and the enemy are those of blood and steel in the operations in front of and behind the enemy's lines. There are absolutely no contacts of any other kind.

The balance of power game here is far from being a relatively simple question of Communist China, Russia and the U.S., but must involve a number of other countries. Moscow's current initiatives toward Tokyo show how hard it is to keep such a game within bounds. President Nixon must balance out the gains from Red China against the loss of Japan as an ally. Here the Russians hold some good cards in the shape of Japanese territories they have held since the end of World War II.

The ROC does not believe that President Nixon's Peking trip and his later trip to Moscow are likely to change things for the better. The Free Chinese are also convinced that whatever may *seem* to come out of these meetings, the unannounced results, perhaps even the secret agreements for the future, will be more important to them than what is in the communiqué, if there is one.

It follows, therefore, that many in the ROC believe the way must be explored toward alternate sources of security in case the United States is really planning to desert them, no matter how long such a desertion might take. They have long been trying to build up regional security arrangements with such nations as the Republic of Korea, the Philippines and South Vietnam. The United States, seemingly, has always discouraged these efforts, on the grounds that none of these countries need any more security guarantees than are given them by the United States.

This argument now begins to fall on deaf ears not only in the ROC, but in all the countries in the area. But the missing element is Japan, as to whose direction in the field of national defense no one can be sure. Even the current slow but steady rise in the military budget in Japan raises severe political problems there, not the least of which are caused by the strong desire in many quarters to "normalize" relations with Communist China.

Such normalization faces the staggering obstacle of Japan's previously stated and now reaffirmed position toward the ROC, as of January 11, 1972, namely that the security of "Taiwan" is of vital importance to Japan. This so-called "Taiwan clause" was originally contained in the joint Nixon-Sato communiqué of November 19, 1969. But now, as then, any relevance it has to the security of the ROC is, purely and simply, a function of U.S. security arrangements on behalf of the ROC. Japan plays no part in any such arrangements. And, in fact, no U.S. forces on bases in Japan can be used for this or any other purpose without Japan's consent. This will soon apply to our base on Okinawa.

Only a strong and autonomous Japanese military establishment can provide the security of nearby areas in which Japan's vital political and economic interests are involved. This may well be a very long time in coming. It will depend very much upon the Japanese interpretation of Nixon's visits to Peking and Moscow.

The pressure in the Japanese media for normalization of relations with the Chinese Communists has to be seen to be believed. Even anti-Communist circles in Japan appear to have been at least partially brainwashed by this constant pressure. Some Japanese are now beginning to urge, for example, that the Republic of China cease to identify itself with China at all, that it should abandon the name Republic of China in favor of one which would identify it as a "separate country." Perhaps they believe this is the only way to escape a takeover by the Chinese Communists. But there is little chance that the Chinese Communists would settle for this. They want nothing less than the destruction of the government of the Republic of China and the takeover of its territories, people, armed forces and total assets. And Chiang Kai-shek's government will never give up its present title, no matter what is advocated along these lines either at home or abroad.

The Republic of China, post-United Nations, thus presents a picture of calm, resolute and determined self-confidence in the face of the injustice it has suffered. In contrast with the Republic of China, the United Nations has lost the confidence of millions of its supporters both in the United States and around the world.

In truth, the Republic of China emerges from this crisis stronger and more determined than ever before. □



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VIEW FROM HONG KONG

*A long-time resident of Asia reports how Mr. Nixon's initiatives look to the people in the danger zone. Asians are unhappy, he says, unsure whether to trust the U.S. or to make their peace with Mao*

# Why Fear Grips Southeast Asia

HAROLD ELLITHORPE

ONE RESULT seems certain from the summit junket of President Nixon to Peking: the sense of confusion and disorientation felt by many Asian nations will deepen, approaching a condition of chaotic anarchy.

Nixon's talks with Chou En-lai and Chairman Mao Tse-tung in the Forbidden City will be taken as dramatic proof that the era of cold war confrontation and containment is over; that the Dulles Doctrine for Asia, to which the President himself was a party during the Eisenhower years, is no longer U.S. dictum. If American policy is no longer containment of Communism, what is it?

Thus far, three years into his first term, the President has yet to clarify his vision of the structure of the post-cold war world. In Asia, his purposes are unclear and suspect—and other powers are eager to impose their own pattern.

As viewed from the domestic perspectives of the Potomac, 1971 may have seemed to American observers a year of dramatic improvement in the climate of international affairs. The Vietnam war was being wound down. Vietnamization was working, at least to a not-disastrous degree. Nixon's willingness to break the Bamboo Curtain personally with a visit to Peking and China's ping-pong responses opened up new visions of peaceful coexistence in Asia. Realignment of currencies and a tough anti-inflation program at home had finally eliminated handicaps against American economic progress. Nixon had lived up to his promises of 1969 to create a "lower profile" and to adopt a "willingness to negotiate" with enemies.

From the vastly different perspectives of Asia's capitals, the world looked far less encouraging. From the promulgation of the Guam Doctrine in 1969, Asian leaders had assumed a period of readjustment lay ahead. Little did they imagine, however, that the changes would be so dramatic and unpredictable. For them, 1971 was a disaster year.

It is profitable to trace analytically some threads of the Oriental crazy quilt to see the pattern's weird design.

Prior to 1969, Asia was split, albeit rather uncomfortably, into three parts: the America-following nations deeply committed to cold war dogmas, the Communist states behind the wall of containment, and a handful of countries that nervously tried to steer a neutralist course between these blocs. The structure was anachronistic. China's growth had earned her a place in the larger family of the United Nations. In most of the rest of the region, economic development and prosperity had made it unlikely that Communism would or could make substantial progress.

Nixon's Guam Doctrine seemed a step in the right direction. America would withdraw from active participation in regional conflicts, allowing Asians to settle their own local disputes. Only a nuclear umbrella would remain to ward off major international aggression. A do-it-yourself era would dawn.

The "hawk" nations of South Vietnam, South Korea, the Nationalist regime on Taiwan and Thailand were disturbed at this implied weakening of American support. There was brief talk of an Asian hawk alliance to replace the withdrawing Americans but the idea died amid each nation's urgent need for U.S. favor. A quick series of visits—Secretary of State Rogers, Defense boss Laird, even Vice President Agnew—calmed the hawks' fears. The United States, they were assured, would live up to its defense treaty commitments. Shouldering the additional burdens would not be easy for the hawks but continued U.S. economic and military aid, expanded to fill the gap created by departing American forces, would see them through.

When Prince Sihanouk's neutralist regime collapsed in a coup in March 1970, Asia's neutralist nations were deeply shocked and attempted to combine their diverse outlooks in a new definition of neutrality. The effort failed but it did serve to erect a more unified position for neutralism. British military withdrawal from the area also served to lend to the Southeast Asian neutralists a new sense of their own uniqueness.

1971 opened as a year of great pos-



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sibilities. The economies of most Asian states were booming. Japan seemed destined to dominate the entire region and to become a new center of global power, epitomizing the new "partnership" relations with the United States. Singapore, Hong Kong, South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand, Indonesia and even Communist China were enjoying a period of agricultural and industrial expansion such as few Asians thought possible a decade earlier.

## *Taking Stock*

Then the hammer blows began to fall, smashing whacks which meant that the new structure of regional life would not be carefully machined from the strong metal of the past but brutally beaten from a white-hot forging of power politics.

The hawks were staggered by the defeat of a South Vietnamese invasion of Laos. The debacle indicated that Vietnamization—by extension, Asianization—of defense forces was a weak ploy. Despite the defeat, American withdrawals continued. The impression grew that South Vietnam—and, more assuredly, Cambodia and Laos—would sooner or later be left to the Communist wolves.

Concurrently, economic impacts of withdrawal became evident. Thailand's economy went into sharp decline, unable to make the adjustment despite a great agricultural surplus. South Korea and South Vietnam experienced serious financial problems and even such R&R centers as Hong Kong, Singapore and Penang felt the loss of vacationing American troops who had been dropping millions each month into the region's sex-and-sin depots.

Suddenly Nixon's minor adjustments toward China trade paid off handsomely in the ping-pong exchanges and Kissinger's dramatic run to Peking. The President of the world's leading power would himself journey to the Forbidden City.

What would transpire there in the secretive halls of the Imperial Palace? And where would that leave other nations that had in the past tied their fates to the American apron strings? Despite the fawning cordiality of Japan's Premier Sato, the White House had not bothered to inform him of the impending Kissinger visit.

Asian nations began to take new stock of their political position vis-à-vis Red China—and several initiated discreet moves toward Communist détente, though more slowly than Canada and Italy, both of which quickly made the necessary kowtows. Most disgruntled were the Japanese leaders, who were put in the bind of either kissing Mao's toe or being left out of the potentially largest market in all Asia.

The inevitable political result was the unseating of Chiang Kai-shek's government on Taiwan from the United Nations and the embracing of Red China. In a bold sweep, China proclaimed itself the leader of the Third World, and Chou En-lai laid down the now famous line:

"Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution—this has become the irresistible trend in the world today."

This was a clear declaration that China would continue to support revolutionary movements in Asian and other regional states. The weaker nations of Asia shuddered at this unequivocal statement of Communist intent; many of them because their military regimes were vulnerable to just such revolutions.

But the hammer kept pounding. In a harsh series of demands, the United States forced the textile-producing nations of Asia to slow down drastically their penetration of the American domestic market. Textile exports to the U.S. had been a major source of industrial and commercial expansion for Japan, South Korea, Taiwan and Hong Kong. With what Hong Kong negotiators later termed "gangster tactics," the Administration virtually ended dreams of large-scale textile development in Asia. Europe quickly responded as well, closing its domestic markets to "Asian dumping." Asian business leaders—who are especially influential in such nations as Japan and Taiwan—believe that Nixon was merely paying off a personal political debt in order to reassure his re-election in 1972.

The textile quota negotiations made it evident that President Nixon was serious when he noted in earlier speeches that American policy would henceforth be based on clearer concepts of American "national interest."

The scene was thus set for the most onerous blow of the year. Dramatically, Nixon forced a major revision of world currencies that would have staggering impact throughout Asia and particularly on the protectionist-minded Japanese. The *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Western-edited but often reflecting Asian viewpoints, termed the monetary demands "ruthless financial power politics" and "global blackmail" in a sharply critical editorial.

Economic growth rates of the more progressive Asian countries would inevitably be blunted for the next few years. The money shifts may yet help to unseat Premier Sato, a staunch friend of Washington, and Australia's McMahon, another steady ally. The resulting under-valuation of the dollar is a clear warning from the States that American business will no longer give even lip service to the partnership dogma and will instead become a harsh competitor in the marketplaces of the world.

The U.S. military fist was being withdrawn, but the economic fist was throwing a strong right to the region's solar plexus.

## *Filling the Void*

In December came the tragic war in East Pakistan. The United States, to the amazement of many Asians, sided with Red China in support of Pakistan's military dictatorship against the known aspirations of the Bangladesh insurgents. Whatever Madame Gandhi's motives in supporting the insurgents and invading the eastern wing, the political and humanitarian judgments could only be honorably made in support of these oppressed people. Again Nixon was accused of protecting his personal interest in a trip to Peking rather than adopting a position of principle.

To recite these results of American policy is to suggest that they were undertaken in some kind of vacuum. That is only partly true. A vacuum of power has been created as the result of American military withdrawal and the abandonment of former policies on which the region had based its stability since the end of World War II.

Two years ago when Russia's Leonid Brezhnev first floated the idea of a Soviet-sponsored security arrangement for Asia, his reply came from Indira Gandhi, who turned him down cold. But this past autumn, with Red China siding with Pakistan, she was glad to

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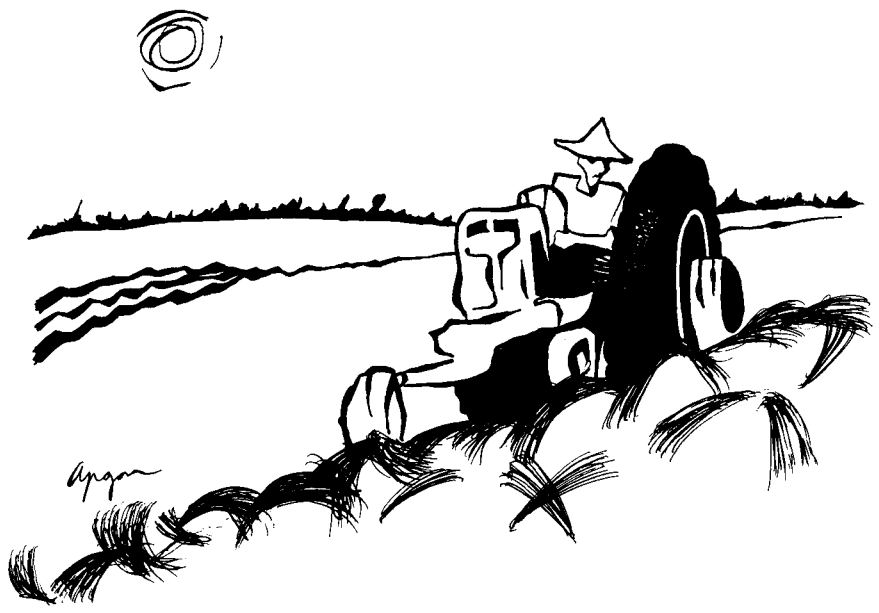
accept the Soviet handshake, extending Moscow's influence deep into South Asia.

Russian diplomacy toward Asia has been remarkably low-keyed but nevertheless persistent. Her troops massed along the Chinese border make the threat of a major war an ever-present possibility. She has engineered attractive deals with Japan for the development of Siberian resources and has hinted that return of at least some of the North Pacific islands seized in World War II might be negotiated.

Soviet naval presence in the Indian Ocean coupled with maneuvers well south of her usual North Pacific grounds are more than idle cruises. In Indochina she still maintains her embassy in Pnompenh and refuses to recognize Peking's puppet hero, Prince Sihanouk. As U.S. prestige and power erode, Russia seems intent on filling the void. Containing Chinese Communism is a game the Soviets are playing in earnest.

China, flushed with her sudden inter-



national prestige, seems as intent as Nixon on stubbing her toe. No sooner had she proclaimed her allegiance to the oppressed peoples of the Third World than she was forced to side with a military oligarchy in Pakistan against an insurgent people. The act made Chou En-lai suspect in revolutionary movements throughout Asia.

The Peking leadership is having difficulty keeping the full extent of the Lin Piao split covered up. Scarcely finished with the ravages of the Cultural Revolution, the aging leadership under Mao appears to be badly riven with an army-party feud that could threaten the nation's internal stability.

Surrounded by powers they distrust—Japan, the USSR and the U.S.—and badly mauled internally, the Chinese Communists hardly seem capable of grasping the leadership reins of Asia which Nixon's visit implies.

Jittery smaller countries, however, are willing to make deals with Peking if they can hope to be dropped from the "wars of national liberation" agenda. Malaysia, for example, stated bluntly that she would welcome trade with the Mainland if the Chinese insurgents operating along the Thai border were denied Peking support. The Philippines also hinted at trade with China, but made overtures to Eastern Europe as well.

One victim of the new fear sweeping Asia is democracy. In South Vietnam, President Nguyen Van Thieu all but discarded the nation's four-year-old constitution in his one-man re-election bid in October. Thailand dumped its pretense of a parliament. Lon Nol did likewise in Cambodia. South Korea's President Park has declared a strange state of emergency that hands him dictatorial powers.

The regimes were only quasi-democracies at best: parliamentary systems put in at the behest and insistence of the Americans. Without Washington's pressure, these cloaks have been quickly cast off.

Most nations of the region are still probing around in the Nixonian darkness, trying to distinguish friend from foe. The most ambitious effort (and the one probably doomed to failure despite its emotional appeal to liberals) is the neutrality pact projected in Southeast Asia.

The Philippines, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and Thailand met and agreed to create a neutral zone covering the entire area. They hoped to get North and South Vietnam to agree to the idea in principle, but neglected to have them attend the discussions. (South Vietnam did have an observer.) Such a zone would have to enjoy the guarantee of the major powers to be effective. Even then, the guarantee might not be worth much in a crunch.

## *Cast Adrift*

The simple truth is that Asia has been cut loose from its cold war political moorings without any safe harbor in sight. While the U.S. has given some support to regional structures such as ECAFE (Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East) and the Asian Development Bank, it has not proposed any substantive structure of political or economic stability. Nor have Asian leaders been able to agree among themselves on a unified structure.

Any attempt to establish a regional organization would have foundered on such obstacles as the continuing war in Vietnam, the Taiwan question, the Indo-Pakistan dispute, and even—as happened at the neutralists' parley—such insignificant conflicts as the dispute over Sabah (North Borneo).

What the Asian nations hope will come out of Nixon's personal summitry in Peking and Moscow is a clear, unequivocal statement of the power relationships that will prevail in the region in the future. Such a statement should include economic and political as well as military policies. What is the real American policy? The gentle partnership espoused by the President at Guam? The harsh mandates of Secretary Connally at the Council of Ten? The soft reassurances of Secretary Rogers? Or Kissinger's flitting hotel reservations?

Battered by the Nixonian hammer and feeling the blows of true power politics in an anarchic bed of hot coals, most Asians really don't expect any such easy solutions to their pain.

They are preparing to wince once again when they read the Peking communiqué. □



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# Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

## An Interview...

*. . . with President Willmoore Wheeler Concerning President Richard Nixon's State of the Union Message, and Other Glories Too Various to Itemize in the Limited Space of a Headline*

MR. NIXON'S 1972 State of the Union message was as thoughtful, far-sighted, and honest as any in recent memory. It offered, you recall, a balanced plan for more government activity in some areas and much more in other areas—quite a slap in the face for those critics who had been calling for much more government activity in some areas and only the usual more in others.

I phoned former President Willmoore Wheeler (see *NR*, September 27, 1958) to get his observations. He had, you remember, called last week for the withdrawal of federal agents from the U.S. Mainland. I summarize the views of Presidents Nixon and Wheeler:

*Vietnam.* Nixon: end the war through negotiation, or, failing, through Vietnamization, "but end it we shall." Wheeler: win it and c'mon home.

*Summit talks.* Nixon: we have to deal with Communism "realistically"; peace depends on the big powers talking about their differences rather than fighting about them. Wheeler: ain't nothing to negotiate with pirates, and I certainly will not confer the prestige of America on them by visiting pirate chieftains in their lairs.

*Defense.* Nixon: increase defense spending to deter war, to put pressure on the USSR to stop missile submarine construction, and to stop all this yapping about the new missile gap. Wheeler: overhaul our defenses now, get new strategic weapons, an ABM system, defensive space weapons, modern navy, an army looking for the enemy instead of eager hippies; if funds are short, fire the Defense Department.

*The economy.* Nixon: we must maintain wage-price controls to stop the "inflationary psychology" . . . "deficit spending at this time, like temporary [ahem] wage and price controls, is strong but necessary medicine" . . . "full employment" "expansionary" budget to get unemployment below 6 per cent; $246.3 billion expenditure, $220.8 billion anticipated revenue "as the new prosperity takes hold," estimated deficit of $25.5 billion in fiscal 1973 following $40 billion deficit in fiscal 1972. Wheeler: where controls are needed is on government spending; government can't add to wealth or welfare, it only takes; between now and Christmas it'll take more than it took in all its budgets between 1789 and Pearl Harbor; it takes more every second than a man earns in a year; taxes are to people what a lamprey is to fish; there's only so much blood to go around.

*Trade and monetary matters.* Nixon: recent monetary realignments mean we are moving toward "a new period of negotiation on the international monetary front" and "a new system of international trade." Wheeler: stop negotiating, scrap tariffs, cut corporate taxes, legalize gold, float the dollar and start trading for a living, damnit; free trade also works very nicely in domestic business too, you know.

*Welfare reform.* Nixon: "junk our antiquated welfare system" and pass FAP. Wheeler: junk our antiquated welfare system and allow a $2 income-tax deduction for every $1 donated to charity.

*Social services.* Nixon: consolidate all HEW services in "one-stop" "service catchment areas." Wheeler: establish a voucher system for public schools, retrain social workers in socially useful professions, shut down HEW forever and ever, permitting a tax reduction of $78,950,000,000 per year; if needed, hang onto a couple bucks for nuclear subs.

*Environment.* Nixon: "the most striking fact about environmental legislation in the early 1970s is how much has been proposed and how little has been enacted." Wheeler: striking, and glorious.

*Civil rights.* Nixon: substantial increases for minority business enterprises, equal employment enforcement, black colleges and a Cabinet committee on the Spanish-speaking. Wheeler: dump minimum wage law, enhance equal access to the courts, repeal all laws that mention race, creed, color, gender, national origin; repeal all laws referring to segregation or nonsegregation.

*Equal rights for women.* Nixon: continue to fight for job equality, public or private; expansion of Civil Rights Commission jurisdiction to include sex discrimination. Wheeler: hire the qualified, leave the law out of it.

*Veterans.* Nixon: job programs, hospitals, more, much more, more much. Wheeler: a going wage while they're in; a going pension when they retire; period.

*American farmer.* Nixon: "a fair share of the fruits of our prosperity" (*tr.*: more handouts). Wheeler: fair is what you can get for your goods in the open market—not more, not less; why subsidize Midwest farmers to take good acres out of production while subsidizing Southwest farmers to irrigate a desert? How about freedom to produce and distribute food among consenting adults?

*Cities.* Nixon: Department of Community Development (Cabinet-status); revenue-sharing; water and sewer aid; Model Cities natch. Wheeler: no favors to any special classes.

*Transportation.* Nixon: apply space-age technology to transportation and longshoremen take the hindmost. Wheeler: deregulate the entire industry and ship the ICC to the Trobriand Islands. In Liberian bottoms.

*Anything at all.* Nixon: more. Wheeler: "To quote what Mr. Nixon said in 1969: 'In the past five years the Federal Government alone has spent more than a quarter of a trillion dollars on social problems . . . reaping a harvest of dissatisfaction, frustration and bitter division. Never in human history has so much been spent by so many for such a negative result.' "

I miss Franklin Pierce. □

*William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the* Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Service.



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# BOOKS

## The Verities and the Wonder

*Eliot and His Age*
*By Russell Kirk*
*Random House, 462 pp., $12.50*

VINCENT MILLER

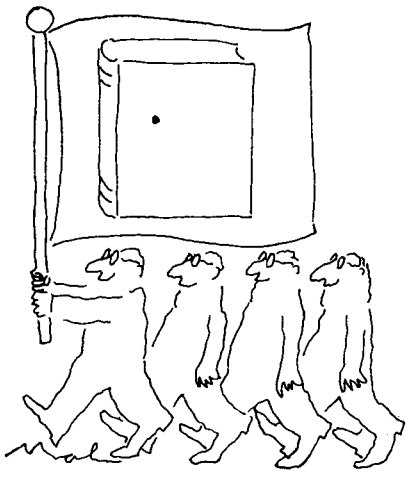
Russell Kirk has here performed two valuable services. He has set Eliot's writing year by year against the contemporary events of his life and his age; and he has made something of a digest and sampler of his prose, much of which, written for periodicals late in his life, has never been republished or adequately surveyed. Neither of these things has been done so well before, and both contribute to our understanding of Eliot and his significance.

Regrounding Eliot's work in its moments of time now that these moments are gone is in one sense, of course, like talk of Guelph and Ghibelline, a distraction, however interesting, from what really counts. But in another sense deepening our understanding of a specific man writing in a specific time makes us realize something Eliot spent some time reiterating: that a man has significance beyond his age only to the degree that he exists consciously, painfully and even desperately among its evanescences.

This is not Mr. Kirk's point, however. If I read his book right, what he most wishes to do is to explain Eliot's significance by explaining the way he reaffirmed the verities of the Christian humanist tradition as Mr. Kirk has from time to time explicated that tradition. This goal has its wisdom and its shortcomings. For those already familiar with the tradition and Mr. Kirk's explications of it, much in these 420 pages will of necessity seem repetitive.

THERE IS even, I fear, a danger that those whose hearts respond too quickly to fine old phrases like "right reason," "tradition" and "the moral imagination" may find Eliot and all his works disappearing on occasion into something pleasant, general and already fully explicated. This is even to some degree inevitable. Mr. Kirk finds nothing in Eliot that constitutes any advance in idea upon ideas advanced long ago. He could hardly have been expected to. Eliot would not have permitted himself to make any. Eliot accepted a conservative and Christian set of beliefs and tried to live by them. He didn't seek to improve on them. What made him significant, even in his own eyes, was not what he did with ideas, but what he did to poetry.

And the poetry as poetry Mr. Kirk neglects. It has, he believes, already been dealt with adequately. What is important now is the world of conservative truths it implies. But has it been adequately dealt with, especially for conservatives? Eliot was, everyone agrees, a very great poet. He was also, as everyone knows, a conservative. And after 1927 he wrote with the stated and deliberate intention of clarifying what it felt like in our time to live according to Christian beliefs.



Now all this seems to suggest that there exists in the poetry itself something of special interest to conservatives, something that testifies to what the Christian tradition, is not in homiletics but in twentieth-century experience—to how and in what way it takes on new life. But this is not what interests Mr. Kirk. He is after ideals, not experiences. Here, in fact, he and Eliot are so far apart that those very agonies Eliot finds so much a part of being a Christian in our age (and perhaps in any age) are spoken of by Mr. Kirk as Manichean temptations to be overcome in the serenity of faith. Mr. Kirk even believes Eliot succeeded finally in so overcoming them. And perhaps he did. But if he did, when he did, he stopped writing significant poetry and confined himself to work that has no wonder in it.

ALL OF WHICH brings me to the realization that Eliot would have liked Mr. Kirk's book and praised it. For there is much they share, although the emphasis is different. Eliot once wrote that a Christian civilization, if we ever decided to restore one and succeeded, would offer man two things. It would offer to all "the natural end of man—virtue and well-being in community." And it would offer "for those who have the eyes to see it," the supernatural end, "beatitude." Now it seems to me that the first of these two is what primarily interests Mr. Kirk; and that the second was what primarily interested Eliot. There is nothing possible wrong with emphasizing the first; for it leads toward the second, while tempering the wind to the lamb. As Eliot saw it, most men in fact need to go along its path, taking comfort in human accomplishments, pride in human traditions and institutions,



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sustained by all those time-honored ways that protect man—as he put it—from too much reality: indeed, sustained by all those things Mr. Kirk writes again and again about and which Eliot in his later years wrote again and again about.

The second way was, however, the way Eliot chose, when he was up to it, for himself. He did not recommend it for others. It was, as he saw it, a way that cost not less than everything; and few, he thought, could pay the toll. Going along it, one could take little comfort in human accomplishments, little pride in human institutions, and derive little sustenance from those truths which Mr. Kirk writes of here as elsewhere so eloquently. And strangely enough, it was when Eliot wrote of this way in his poetry, of man stripped and alone and broken, that his age found him significant: common readers and intellectuals, liberals and atheists, and, slowly, even conservatives who preferred dreaming of past comforts to experiencing present agonies. In his poetry Eliot brought them all closer, somehow, to themselves and the experience given them. And there is certainly something in this to ponder while reading either Eliot's later prose or Mr. Kirk's fine book. □

# FICTION

*The Ewings*
*By John O'Hara*
*Random House, 311 pp., $6.95*

*Glory*
*By Vladimir Nabokov*
*McGraw-Hill, 205 pp., $6.95*

*Doctor Brodie's Report*
*By Jorge Luis Borges*
*Dutton, 128 pp., $5.95*

## A VARIETY OF TALENTS

### D. KEITH MANO

John O'Hara's rank amongst American novelists will be difficult to fix. At last count, I suspect, he will finish just out of the money, but critics will always be mollified by the enormous readability of his novels. He wrote about sophisticated people without ever requiring sophistication in his readers: a nice trick. *The Ewings* is very much an O'Hara novel.

An extinct species, *Homo Pennsylvanius*, its artifacts and customs were O'Hara's business. For *The Ewings* he excavated somewhat further west but unearthed a similar type: habitat, small towns; flourished, circa 1900-1930; form of worship, Psi U and Kappa Sig; wealthy; with more sexual skeletons than coat hangers in the generic closet. A good 60 per cent of O'Hara's seventeen novels and eleven short-story collections have dealt with this rather limited species. When, in *The Instrument* for example, he left these familiar surroundings—both geographically and chronologically—O'Hara made awkward Maileresque efforts that were oddly inept and dull.

It was a truism—I heard it first in junior high school—that O'Hara wrote dialogue better than any other American novelist. If not exactly true, it was near the mark, yet O'Hara, especially in his latest novels, made conversation support too great a burden of meaning. In *The Ewings* two descriptive paragraphs are linked by four or five pages of dialogue, often without speaker designation. The novel is structured rather as serial radio scripts might be, with a bit of organ music, a "meanwhile back at the frathouse," providing necessary bridges. One hates to carp: he wrote easily and was read even more easily, in large part because of this convenient formula. Certainly at age 65 it was late to start breaking such very profitable habits.

This is a randy novel. Lesbianism gets the hundred dollar treatment, but, with an index and bibliography, *The Ewings* could serve as a handbook of sexual malfeasance. Given the terrific, innate restraint of the times, of the social classes described, there is something refreshingly prurient about *The Ewings*. Its first "f--k" does not occur until page 68. The force of it then is strangely explosive; it recoups a part of its primordial power. Once the ice is broken, perversion scurries quickly after perversion, but there remains throughout a sense of sexual discovery: two six-year olds first playing doctor. The dialogue is coy, usually it goes something like, "Shall I touch you here?" "Yes." "And here?" "Please do." "Is that nice?" "Rather." After the crucial lesbian seduction scene, younger woman tells older woman, admiringly, that she is both efficient and dignified. Older woman replies, "The dignity is a result of a lifetime of repression."

This, more or less, is all the novel has to say: that there is a tension between inhibition and licentiousness. Other sorts of emotion do not escape that characteristic repression. A young child's death, for instance, is treated by its parents, and perhaps intentionally by O'Hara himself, with superb offhandedness. *The Ewings* is an entertainment, hardly more than that—but then John O'Hara never made any very outlandish or presumptuous claims for his fiction.

Vladimir Nabokov is different. He makes claims, substantiates most of them. Nabokov's talent is dense and rich. *Glory*, written in 1932, is the sort of novel, evanescent, barely meaningful, that only a writer with devastating stylistic control could attempt, let alone bring off.

Once, on the Woodside Long Island Railroad platform, I saw a clothesline strung between tenement buildings, across a moraine of trash. For some reason that clothesline seemed suddenly so apt, so efficient and beautiful, that sweat broke out on my palms. This kind of image and event—commonplace yet magical—motivates *Glory*, drives its commonplace protagonist to his apparently senseless act of adventure: a penetration into unfriendly Soviet Russia. *Glory* has all the standard *Bildungsroman* furniture: Russian child in exile; Cambridge education (yes, another Cambridge novel); abortive love; then futile exploit. But everything is subtly muted, without sharp angles or large occurrences. Lights seen momentarily on a hillside, a painted landscape, the sound of sheep bells, transcend both plot and character.

The significant events in *Glory* take place between clause and clause, noun and modifier, between the major and minor terms of a metaphor. Nabokov suggests in his introduction to this au-

**Vincent Miller** *teaches English at Wofford College in Spartanburg, South Carolina. . . .* **Keith Mano**'*s latest book is* The Proselytizer, *due in March from Knopf. . . .* **Thomas Jukes** *is a biochemist and Assistant Director of the Space Sciences Laboratory at UCal, Berkeley. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart**, *when not skiing, is working on a book of essays on eighteenth-century literature. . . .* **Peter Witonksi** *teaches at Harvard.*



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thorized translation (made jointly with his son) that he deprived the main character of all political interest and artistic ability in order to leave the final exploit naked, unjustified beyond its own inherent justifications.

There is, of course, considerable opportunity for romanticism here (indeed, the original title was *Romantic Times*), yet Nabokov's brilliant, somewhat unjoyous humor prevents it from cloying. A few aspects of *Glory* are overstated, others are inexplicable, still others are unimportant: nonetheless style provides an ex cathedra authority that overrides objections. *Glory* is a tricky, perhaps essentially sterile, artistic problem set by Nabokov for Nabokov. Within the given limits it has been gorgeously well worked out.

JORGE LUIS BORGES is acclaimed Argentina's finest writer. Great: I'm the best jai alai player in Rock Tavern, New York. For some time now I've been both intrigued and irritated by Borges' fame. The short stories are frail, childish and, by the author's own admission, "decidedly monotonous." These admissions, by the way, are no sign of modesty. Not at all: they indicate instead a man who finds his own faults wonderfully charming. "My now advanced age has taught me to resign myself to being Borges." Sensing (rightly, I think) that his talent is more Argentine than literary, he prefaces each and every tale with an hors d'oeuvre of local history. Borges or a close relative is the hero of every story, each spare as a newspaper classified item, each usually about the same knife fight, the same South American civil war battle. It's time we were frank: Borges writing in New York, about New York, would be unpublished.

The Dutton collection, moreover, is nothing short of an outrageous fraud. Just imagine: for $5.95 you get 128 pages, with sufficient blank end sheets for your own five-year diary. And outrage on top of outrage: 25 per cent of the stories were previously published in the 1970 Dutton collection. That leaves less than one hundred pages, about 7 cents each—more than I'd pay to have Borges read his pathetic repetitions aloud in my living room. When Borges has written his next story, Dutton will simply reshuffle the deck and bring out yet another $5.95 "collection." Ralph Nader, where are you when we need you? □

*The Medvedev Papers*
*By Zhores A. Medvedev, translated by Vera Rich*
*St. Martin's, 470 pp., $11.95*

## A SCIENTIST IN THE SOVIET CAGE

THOMAS H. JUKES

Zhores Medvedev, who was punished by the Soviet regime for his penetrating critique of Lysenko (reviewed in *NR* Oct. 7, 1969), has now exposed himself to further reprisals by writing this scathing account of repression and censorship under Communism. Why? The answer is on the last page:

> If, dear readers, you have some comment, additional material or opinions on this manuscript, please do not send them to me by post, neither to my Obninsk address nor to my Moscow one. Please give them to me in person.

Clearly, Medvedev has chosen to accept personal sacrifices in the hope of improving the lot of scientists in his country. Communication, which is essential to science, is controlled in the Soviet Union by a swarm of little creatures who wield scissors and rubber stamps. Travel to scientific meetings in the non-Communist world is seldom permitted. There are a few "reliable" mandarins, high up in party circles, who can even bring their wives to shop at Macy's. But Medvedev may not even know about this. They don't let him out of the cage.

Medvedev is an internationally known scientist in the fields of biochemical genetics and gerontology. He was fired for exposing the deep involvement of Soviet bureaucracy with Lysenkoism, and, during his enforced idleness, wrote the manuscript of this book. It reached London where it was translated and published under the auspices of John Maddox, the editor of *Nature*. The book is in two sections entitled "Fruitful Meetings between Scientists of the World" and "Secrecy of Correspondence Is Guaranteed by Law." Good scientists are indefatigable, logical and ingenious, and Medvedev brings these qualities to work on the problems which hamper his freedom. He was invited to an international Gerontological Congress in San Francisco, and he describes the elaborate wild-goose chase of trying to get permission to attend. A sample passage:

> "Comrade Medvedev, do you read the papers?"
>
> "Of course I read them," I replied.
>
> "Obviously you don't read them very well. You ought to know that they're sending U-2 planes over, and dropping spies by parachute. And you've been getting ready to go and visit them!"
>
> "It's not going visiting, it's a congress, and anyway, it's an international congress—not an American one."

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## RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: A new Koestler, *The Case of the Midwife Toad*, explores an evolution controversy of the Twenties that led biologist Paul Kammerer to suicide (Random House, $5.95). . . . Christianity has lived through many a calamity and may survive Irving Wallace's *The Word*, a novel about a new gospel unearthed in Italy (Simon & Schuster, $7.95). . . . *The Last of the Cold War Liberals* is a campaign bio of dark horse Scoop Jackson by William V. Prochnau and Richard W. Larsen (Prentice-Hall, $6.95).

David Broder's new one is *The Party's Over: The Failure of Politics in America* (Harper, $7.95). . . . For lovers of lost causes, Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson offer *Inglorious Rebellion: The Jacobite Risings of 1708, 1715 and 1719* (St. Martin's, $10).

*A Populist Manifesto: The Making of a New Majority*, by Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield, is the first of what may be a rash of similar efforts (Praeger, $4.95). From the same house, *Places I've Done Time* is an autobiography by William Saroyan with a cast that includes Mencken, Hemingway, Koestler, Zanuck and Ilya Ehrenburg ($6.95). . . . The memoirs of German spy Gen. Reinhard Gehlen are provoking counterclaims, e.g., *The General and the Spy* by Heinz Hohne and Herman Zolling (Coward, McCann, $8.95). . . . Constantine Fitzgibbon's *Red Hand* is a history of Ulster (Doubleday, $7.95). From the same house, a not unsympathetic portrait of *Pétain* by Richard Griffiths ($10).

Abraham Rothberg's *The Heirs of Stalin* focuses on the dissidence among the intellectuals (Cornell, $14.50). . . . *The Stone and the Violets* is a collection of short stories by Djilas (Harcourt, $6.95). . . . *Time*'s Robert Sam Anson bios *McGovern* (Holt, $7.95). . . . A big life of *D. W. Griffith* from Robert Morton Henderson (Oxford, $10.95). . . . Retired General Edward G. Lansdale recounts his *Mission in Southeast Asia* (Harper, $10). . . . Martin Blumenson collects *The Patton Papers 1885-1940* (Houghton, $15). . . . The Reds aren't invincible, Noel Barber reminds us in *The War of the Running Dogs: How Malaya Defeated the Communist Guerrillas, 1948-60* (Weybright & Talley, $7.95). . . . Vincent Cronin's latest is on *Napoleon Bonaparte* (Morrow, $10).

■ FILMS: Now it will be a musical version of *Lost Horizon*, with Ross Hunter producing and directing, songs by Burt Bacharach and Hal David, and screenplay by Larry Kramer. . . . Disney doing a full-length cartoon of *Robin Hood*, dubbing in famous voices belonging to Peter Ustinov, Terry-Thomas, Andy Devine, Phil Harris.

"Well, so it's international, but if this international congress were in West Germany, would you still want to go?"

Eventually, four delegates hand-picked for compliance rather than expertise went, at their own expense, accompanied by a governmental ringmaster who later published an official account of the trip that ended with:

"All of the Soviet scientists behaved themselves with decorum and maintained strict discipline. However, one member of the group, Miss R, did not always react in an adequate manner to the leader's instructions, did not attend the sessions and she was tempted to go on expeditions to the shops. . . ."

Apparently Gump's, Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf were the undoing of Miss R, but I bet she has never stopped talking about the cable cars.

Undeterred, Medvedev kept plugging away, and he tells of his efforts to attend the next two International Gerontological Congresses, to accept invitations to do research in the U.S.A., and to lecture at a Ciba symposium in London. No way, of course—only endless interrogations and frustrations, ending in denials of the request. On the day that he was scheduled to give his lecture in London, Medvedev was saddled with the annual patriotic chore of picking up potatoes which is assigned to all city organizations by rote. When evening came, by prearrangement, he read the lecture aloud to some friends in his home at the same time that it was being read for him by proxy to the audience in London. Told in more detail in the book, this is one of the many priceless anecdotes which show Medvedev's indomitable humor. As he says, "If a similar situation existed in the majority of countries, then no representative meetings of Communist Parties could ever gather in Moscow, there to dig the grave of bourgeois democracy." But the delegates to these meetings, after denouncing their *own governments*, "all went home by direct flights, to come back to the USSR next year for a conference, a festival, or simply a holiday in a state villa on the Black Sea coast."

Beyond this coast, and in the Baltic, however, is a cordon of patrol vessels which keeps the boats of ordinary citizens from venturing more than a kilometer from the shore. On the land, Medvedev estimates that 500,000 frontier guards (and an equal number of dogs!) patrol the Soviet borders. Newsreels of frontier violators ("spies") being killed by machine-gun fire were shown at the movies, not to foment protest, but to celebrate "the jubilee of the boundary service."

The second half of the book describes Medvedev's research on the mechanisms of censorship. He used dummy letters, special glue, phone calls and interviews. He uncovered a rats' nest of prying, intrigue and confiscation which makes *1984* read like an account of the good old days.

Medvedev's belief is that exposure by writing books is the most effective way of lifting the dead weight of Communist bureaucracy from the human spirit. We owe him the courtesy of reading this book. Anyway, it's fascinating. □

*Dear Scott/Dear Max*
*Edited by John Kuehl and Jackson Bryer*
*Scribners, 282 pp., $7.95*

## FITZGERALD AND PERKINS

JEFFREY HART

This selection of letters between Scott Fitzgerald and his editor at Scribners, Maxwell Perkins, will be highly valued by the reader who comes to them with a particular interest in Fitzgerald and his literary milieu—that of Hemingway, Wolfe, John Peale Bishop, Edmund Wilson, Ring Lardner and many other writers of the Twenties and Thirties. Which is to say that they are not "great" letters like those of Keats or Gray or Cowper or Byron, standing in their own right as compelling literary and artistic achievements.

But though they do not possess that order of independent interest, they are both fascinating and moving nevertheless, and fully dramatize one of the central relationships of Fitzgerald's moral and artistic life. They commence when he was 21 and composing *This Side of Paradise* and carry through to 1940, the



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year of his death at 43, when he was in the midst of *The Last Tycoon*. They thus permit us to follow the emergence of his genius as a writer, most spectacularly during the years 1922-24, when the author of two earlier novels underwent virtually a larva-to-butterfly change to become the author of *The Great Gatsby*.

IN THIS remarkable development, the letters show, two principal factors were operative: on Fitzgerald's part, an extraordinary accession of artistic self-consciousness, brought on at least in part by his reading of the classic modern authors, such as Conrad, Eliot, Joyce and Stein; but also, and of comparable importance, by Maxwell Perkins' intelligence and tact in fostering the process. Perkins himself did not have a first-rate critical mind. His judgments were uncertain and he had a tendency to overvalue, as for example in the instance of *Death in the Afternoon* and *The Fifth Column*. Yet the other side of this tendency to overvalue was his ability to sense what was in fact valuable in a work, and to encourage an author to move in that direction.

The letters possess various other sorts of drama. It was Fitzgerald's fate—to the point, virtually, of fatality—to be a representative figure. He coined the phrases "The Jazz Age" and "emotional bankruptcy" and he saw his own life as parallel to that of the nation. His spectacular early success coincided with the boom years, his later breakdown and despair with the Depression: "My happiness . . . was . . . unnatural as the Boom; and my recent experience parallels the wave of despair that swept the nation when the Boom was over."

Reading through the letters of the 1920s one senses something ominous about that happiness. The glamor, to be sure, is real and palpable, inevitably underrated by moralists, and you sense it in the return addresses on Scott's letters: Villa Marie, St. Raphael; Hotel des Princes, Rome; Hotel Tiberio, Capri; 14 Rue de Tilsitt, Paris; Antibes, Riviera; Villa Paquita, Juan-les-Pins. And the narrative of the letters often supports this brightly hued and sun-swept catalog. But you also notice that the Fitzgeralds in fact never actually live anywhere in particular. Like all the characters in Gatsby they are perpetually on the move, the restless tourists of their own lives.

Yet during the two Depressions of the letters, the national one and his own bad years, the thing that shines through is, surprisingly, Fitzgerald's own incredible toughness. His wife in and out of asylums, his books out of print and his reputation in tatters, debt-ridden, ill and alcoholic, Fitzgerald nevertheless endures and perseveres. His letters are full of projects and proposals, he labors away at a misbegotten medieval historical novel, his production of stories drops to a trickle but never actually stops. "I am thinking of putting aside certain hours and digging out a play, the ever-appearing mirage. At forty one counts carefully one's remaining vitality and resources and a play ought to be within both of them. The novel and the autobiography have got to wait till this load of debt is lifted. . . . *Actually I hear from people in Sing Sing and Joliet all comforting and advising me.*" (Italics added.) In the midst of his torments, that last touch of wit is a sign of toughness and self-transcendence. Thus, three years later, Fitzgerald was half way through *The Last Tycoon*, and had succeeded in resurrecting himself as a man and as an artist.

Here the contrast with his friend and rival Hemingway is dramatic. One perceives Fitzgerald's apparent vulnerability, but fundamentally unyielding toughness; and Hemingway's surface toughness, his ability to carry all before him, but, also, hints of his tragic vulnerability, of the fact that he—and not Fitzgerald—would be in the end defeated. □

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*Riding the Storm: 1956-1959*
*By Harold Macmillan*
*Harper, 786 pp., $15*

## SUPER MAC: THE YEARS OF POWER

PETER P. WITONSKI

Harold Macmillan came to power in an hour of great crisis. The Hungarian revolution had just been savagely put down by the Soviets, and the Anglo-French intervention in the Mideast had proved a costly failure that, in a very real sense, marked the end of an era. The Suez crisis that brought Macmillan to power was the last manifestation of the nineteenth-century European *Realpolitik*; and Harold Macmillan, with one foot in the nineteenth century and the other foot in the twentieth century, was to be the last of the old-fashioned and the first of the truly modern British prime ministers. Macmillan, it must be remembered, was a man who achieved power in the Fifties, and like other men who came to power in that decade he belonged to a generation that had reached maturity in the trenches of World War I and could thus look back upon the Victorian era as something that happened, for them, the day before yesterday.

If the Fifties and the early days of the Sixties now seem simpler and calmer to us, it is not because America's position in the world has become complicated. Rather, as Macmillan demonstrates in these memoirs, it is because our partner Britain opted out of a game she was no longer fit to play, that of power politics. In the early Fifties, before Suez, Britain still gave many people the *impression* that she was still a world power, America's strong friend and supporter. But it was all a charade, and in the dark days after Suez Mr. Macmillan took it upon himself to find a new role for Britain in a radically changed world. It was Macmillan who first sniffed what he called "the winds of change," and it was Macmillan who proceeded to do what Winston Churchill most dreaded having to do in the waning days of World War II: preside over the ultimate dismantlement of the British Empire.

THAT HE botched the job, both from the standpoint of British national interests and those of her former colonies, is now quite clear, as bloody upheavals continue to plague the former empire and as unrest mounts in parts of the mother country. Britain had, in the late Dean Acheson's famous quip, lost her empire without finding the new role which Mr. Macmillan had hoped to replace it with. Since Americans, and to a surprisingly large degree, American foreign policymakers (especially under Eisenhower and Kennedy), seem to have believed in the myth of a strong Britain, it is clear that the passing of *Great* Britain from the world scene had to create something of a void in our foreign policy which could no longer count on the British myth to sustain itself with. Over the years this void seems to have mellowed some, and at



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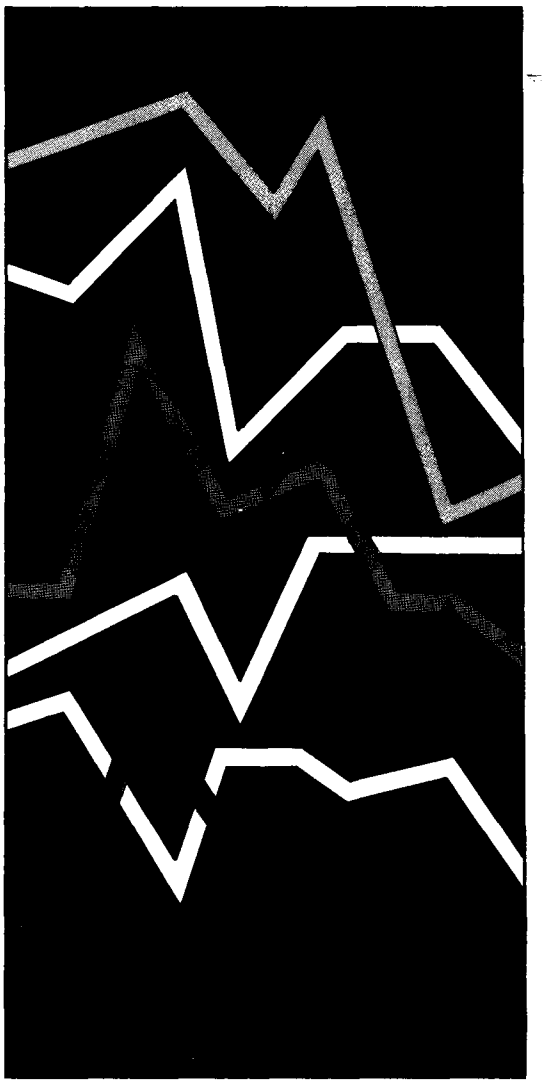

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least partially explains why many of us feel so nostalgic about the Fifties. The world without a strong Britain has proved a lonely one for most Americans.

While the decline in British international prestige saddened many Americans, its effect upon the British was obviously far worse, both practically and psychologically, culminating in the Swinging Britain of Harold Wilson, with its degenerate rock music and tawdry life-style. Of course it is not fair to blame all this on Mr. Macmillan. It certainly is not fair to blame Mr. Macmillan for Harold Wilson (although there are those who hold him responsible for Wilson's election). Nevertheless, Macmillan and his cabinet (especially his last cabinet) did much to help upset the applecart. Not only did he finish off the empire but, as Professor John Jewkes of Oxford has reminded us, he subjected Britain to her dose of the ordeal by economic planning, from which she still suffers. Whatever one may wish to say about the pros and cons of the Macmillan regime one cannot accuse him of a lack of eloquence.

It was, therefore, hoped that he would get around to providing us with some sort of an explanation, some statement of general political philosophy that would at least shed some light on why he behaved the way he did during his years in Number 10 Downing Street. This long-awaited fourth volume of his memoirs, we had hoped, would at least give us some clues as to Macmillan's motives in office.

The previous volumes of these memoirs were all extremely well done as political memoirs go, but they presented us with a picture of a rather antediluvian figure, reading Greek Tragedy on the battlefields of the Great War, crying out for his mother on the eve of the Second World War, contemplating religion, and exalting various favorite Victorian novelists. It was a delightful mask, but it was a long way from what interested us most, his premiership. But here, at last in this fourth volume, we have Super Mac, as the late Vicky was to dub him, soaring lamely into Number 10 Downing Street in the wake of Suez, not expecting to last six weeks and going on to prevail for six turbulent years. Unfortunately, Macmillan's motivations remain as dim as ever, and, along with the book's pedestrian style, this is the major weakness of the present volume.

There are flashes and hints of a philosophy of politics, but it is not much of a political philosophy to write home about. It all boils down to a kind of "trust the people" conservative-liberalism, rather in the tradition of Randolph Churchill the Elder, tinged with the slightest trace of economic Laborism (which the author would, no doubt, strongly deny). His years in the Conservative Party, he tells us in an extract from his diary, have taught him only one thing about that party: "The chief thing I have learned is what I would call the warmth and friendliness of our [Conservative] Party. You know, it isn't those who are always addressing each other as comrade who necessarily show the most brotherly feelings."

In terms of politics, Macmillan did not like being thought of as a representative of the Right, and wrote, again in his diary, that he rejected the very categories. "To the broad stream of our philosophy," he continued, "there are many tributaries." The Conservative Party ought not merely represent the Right; it could do with a greater infusion of leftism into its "great river of thought." If the reader thinks that Macmillan was devoid of any genuine principles, I can assure him that Macmillan himself denies these charges, without ever informing us as to what those principles are. It is clear that such principles as he did have, he swept under some convenient carpet before entering Number 10 Downing Street. He calls this act, as all similar political opportunists are wont to call it, pragmatism.

As for a judgment on the book, it simply records, in some detail, Macmillan's political life from his arrival in Number 10 Downing Street in 1956 until 1959. There are no insights, merely a catalog of VIPs. We are spared the truth about Eden's breakdown, and simply told that he was ill. Dulles, who was hated by the Tory cabinet, is simply depicted as a lonely, clever and stubborn man. Ike, we are told, enjoyed golf. Macmillan's wife liked her garden. It goes on. Politics in Britain, T. E. Utley has written, is the proper business of gentlemen and trade-union leaders. He might have added that such men rarely have anything interesting to say when they get around to writing their memoirs. In the meantime, we await a scholarly treatment of the Macmillan years. □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

PHYSICS AND BEYOND, *by Werner Heisenberg (Harper, 247 pages, $7.95)*, is Werner Heisenberg's intellectual autobiography, written in the form of a series of conversations with other fathers of quantum theory, who shared his concern with its conceptual foundations. A dominant theme of the whole work is his rejection of a narrowly positivist view of science which would equate "understanding" with predictive ability, and his search for a conceptual realization of natural processes to take the place of the sensuous visualization which quantum theory denied to subatomic phenomena. He will convert no positivists; the book is a record of moods and attitudes, not a formal argument, and its value for us lies mainly in the fact that it is the personal memoir of Heisenberg. It contains little new material and omits much that we would have wanted to find out from the author of the uncertainty principle. Thus, there is no mention of the controversy over von Neumann's proof of the impossibility of any "hidden variables" theory which might restore strict determinism to physics. As sensitive as Heisenberg is to the unique qualities of imagination that each physicist has brought to his work, we would be interested to know his thoughts on the fact that the opposition to indeterminancy is now being led by a strange alliance of the high French aristocracy (Prince de Broglie) and the extreme political Left (Bohm and Vigier). Unfortunately we hear nothing about this opposition after Einstein and Schrödinger. Still, for the present generation of physicists the book is a valuable exposure to the largeness of philosophic concern that animated the founding fathers, and will be quite useful for anyone interested in the conceptual ingredients of quantum theory.

W. J. HOLMAN III

THE WINNING OF THE MIDWEST, *by Richard Jensen (Chicago, 357 pp., $12.50)*. With this important new contribution to our knowledge of American election history, Professor Richard Jensen firmly establishes himself as one of the leaders of the American historical profession. Concentrating on a series of crucial elections in six key Midwestern states, Jensen paints a vivid picture of pressure groups, religious influence and ethnic orientation in the shaping of American political history. He also explains how it was, between the years 1888 and 1896, that the Republicans managed to become the majority party in the Midwest, and, for that matter, the rest of the nation. By using a computer he has managed to study a vast amount of statistical data, which he backs up with references to contemporaneous newspapers, pamphlets and speeches. No serious student of American politics should fail to read this book.

P. P. WITONSKI



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# Arts & Manners

## SCENES

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

# Yucatecan New Year

Yesterday it had been even earlier: Four-thirty, an hour-and-a-half drive before dawn, when we reached the lagoon. Step into the long flat-bottomed boat, pack in shotguns, ice chest, shells. Pack on yet another layer of repellent against what John Stephens, that intrepid nineteenth-century explorer of the Yucatan, was wont to call "moschoetoes," and out into the waters, poled along by a short and stocky Mayan guide, startling swarms of ducks that take off with a roar as their wings slap the water and then whistle overhead. It's a full full moon. We spot the Southern Cross, the cross of May the Mayans call it.

The guide wedges his boat against the pole he's jammed into the sandy bottom, blows up the rubber decoys—mallards and teals—and throws them out, placing them exactly where he wants them in front of the blind the other guide is building around us. He's wedged the flatboat in among the mangroves, tied it down, and is now chopping mangrove tops to conceal us from the ducks as the moon dims and a lightening behind, in the east, informs us, and the ducks we hope, that it is getting to be that time. And the guide starts to call them in.

But that was yesterday. Today we've elected to go quail shooting. Quail shooting means you're allowed an extra hour's sleep—Pablo won't knock at your door until half-past three. Up, quick breakfast, and we pile into the Jeep; my brother John, our friends, Doris and Paul Terni, a driver, and head down the camino real for Mérida, eighty kilometers away. We come to the midway town with its huge, half-ruined church on the main square. And suddenly it's like one of those arty Broadway shows. The curtain goes up. The stage is in total darkness. Your eyes adjust and pick out lifeless forms draped around the stage. Rigid. Stiff. The beat quickens. The dummies start to move, to sway, to dance.

It's New Year's morning at Hunucmá. But under the glare of our headlights only half the figures we have glimpsed come to life. The others stay rigid where the tequila has dropped them. Against buildings, under trees, in their hammocks. One is stretched across the main road. Five friends—short men in white shirts and dark trousers—wonder what to do about him as we wait to pass. Pick up an arm, a leg, but the pulling is not done in any organized direction. Drop arm and leg. Think about it some more. They finally roll him just far enough so that we can pull past, and let him flop back onto the road. It's 4:30 A.M. and the party's on—for the survivors. Men, women and children, toddlers, dogs, cats, pigs and horses. Cows. We pass little cantinas, door open, single light bulb hanging from the ceiling, electric blue or jarring green in color. Music and laughter, cheery waves. It's the same scene in the next town, Ucu. And on into Mérida. Mérida has a quarter of a million people and a good quarter of that quarter-million is on the streets. It's 5:30 now and the party's going strong. And we in the Jeep are intoxicated, overwhelmed with uncontrollable laughter. Drink it in. We'll never see its like again.

ON PAST Mérida, another hour's ride to the sisal fields where the quail hang out. We're a couple of hours behind schedule and the quail hunting will suffer for it. It's blisteringly hot. The footing is uncertain, as if someone had dismantled hosts of New England stone fences, strewn the rocks around, covered the whole with tangled underbrush and, for kicks, scattered open penknives about. The sisal is a cactus with finely honed points that penetrate our briarproof hunting pants like Nader took GM. (We had wondered why the guides had strapped on canvas leggings before entering the field.) Our guide urges us to hurry because Belle—the five-year-old Alabama pointer who has stubbornly refused to learn Spanish—*esta demonstrando*, translated, she's on point, in fact she's *muerte*, translated, on a dead point. And we're at the usual standstill, trying to chart our way toward the demonstration without losing more blood than is absolutely necessary.

Eleven. The birds have retired for their siesta. We head back for Mérida, stop at the house of Fernando Lopez, the architect of the Club de Patos at Sisal where we are staying. He and his wife—they were up till 6 A.M., they confess, but they don't show it—have kindly offered to let us change out of our sweaty (and bloody) hunting clothes at their home in Mérida since we are going to Uxmal this afternoon to visit the ruins. They take one look, bring out first, the beers, then the first aid kit. Good hosts, kind people.

Off again. Another eighty kilometers in yet another direction from Mérida, through the flat and dreary Yucatecan plain, then up over a line of low hills, crest one peak and look upon the mighty pyramid of Uxmal, the highest pyramid in the Yucatan, a sight by itself worth the trip. The Temple Advinio it is called. We've been reading Stephens' *Incidents of Travel in the*



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*Yucatan* and have in mind Mr. Catherwood's engravings of the complex at Uxmal when those three adventurers, Stephens, Catherwood and Dr. Cabot camped out in the House of the Governor 130 years ago and started excavating these Mayan ruins, ruins of a civilization that had died away two hundred years before the Spanish conquest—no one knows why. A people who could build the magnificent cities the ruins of which you see at Uxmal, Chichen Itza, Kabah, carving the massive stones with knives of obsidian and jade, deserted these same cities, moved away, and left no trace as to why.

Because the pyramid is there, we climb it. There's a stout chain. We grab it and start up. The treads are narrow and steep. John and I pause half way. A young American longhair type is coming down, lippety-lop, as if it isn't a hundred-foot drop to the bottom. He stops to chat. Nice boy. John remarks that the chain is a good idea. Ah, says the hippie, "but you should see the way they've got it attached up there." And departs.

Time to take a few photographs before the sun sets and back into the car for the ninety minute drive to camp. There's no action this evening in Ucu and Hunucmá. We remember the last time we passed through. And laugh. And conclude that you've got to be a Yucatecan on New Year's Day to know what it is to be a Yucatecan on New Year's Day, and to believe it you've got to have seen it. And that things haven't changed much since that New Year's Day in 1842 when John Stephens reports:

"In our stroll out of doors our Indian carriers espied us, and came staggering toward us in a body, giving us to understand that they were overjoyed at seeing us, and congratulating us upon our recovery. They had not had a fair start with the Indians of the village, but they had been expeditious, and, by making good use of their time and the money we paid them, were as thoroughly intoxicated as the best in Nohcacab." □

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**Priscilla L. Buckley** *has hunted all over the world, always with one eye on the local customs. . . .* **Martin Williams** *has deserted New York for Washington, where he keeps track of jazz at the Smithsonian. . . .* **Brad Evans** *is the Father of the Year.*

## VIDEO

MARTIN WILLIAMS

# NET/PBS At Random

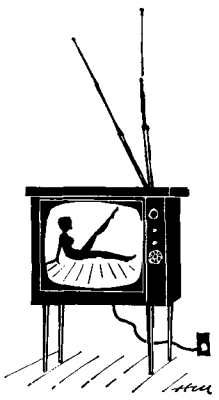
All I know about Public Broadcasting is what I see on New York's Channel 13. That, and what I read in the papers. I get a lot of the latter (or I could if I wanted to) because educational television seems to be almost the only kind that the fellows at the *New York Times* find worth writing about. I don't get much of the former because I don't watch much Public TV. (Not because I don't try to.) So the remarks that follow will be limited, tentative and, if you will, biased. I'm not even sure of the difference between old NET and new PBS, except that the former has foundation support, the latter gets government funds, and neither of them is necessarily Educational, or Public.

Take *Hollywood Television Theater* a series of highly praised "serious" dramas that most of the good actors I know of are either dying to get on or proud to have been on. I tried to watch Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson do *The Typist* and saw two capable players, stiffly directed, and stridently projecting all the way to a top balcony that wasn't there. (Couldn't they *see* those TV cameras a few feet away? Don't they *know* that people keep their TV sets just across the living room?) I switched away to a network whodunit, and although they weren't doing much, they weren't pretending to, and they were doing it expertly.

No, I didn't watch the *Forsyte Saga*, or any of its successors from the BBC, and that puts me in a tiny minority among my acquaintances. It's interesting that all sorts of people who say they never watch TV, and certainly never watch soap opera, watched *that* soap opera. Is there a parallel here to the thousands of American parents who don't allow their kids comics but who are delighted to have them read *Tin Tin*, a Belgian adventure strip, if it's translated in *Children's Digest* by *Parents Magazine*?

More to the point, it is interesting that some of the most effective and praiseworthy TV that PBS has given us—*Sesame Street*, *The Great American Dream Machine*—has learned important lessons of presentation, format, pacing and tone from commercial TV, and learned them well. And *Firing Line* is a very different show now that it is continuous and no longer segmented by commercial breaks. (I'll just say that about that and no more.)

To be sure, I'm grateful to Channel 13 for broadcasting some of Frederick Wisenman's alarmingly revealing documentaries (*High School*, *Law and Order*). And for whatever music PBS broadcasts (although music on TV presents very special problems that have rarely been confronted and never been solved). I admire the way Julia Child's voice jumps that weird interval (about a fifth, I believe) with such natural ease. And I have no particular objection to the way Robert Cromie bulls and charms his way through all those half hours with Famous Authors. In general I suppose I'm glad our Channel 13 is there, although I find its genteel, middle-brow cultural supermarket frequently deplorable, not to mention uninformative.



Lately we have been offered amiable junk, *Son of the Sheik*; a comic masterpiece, Keaton's *The General*; and a creditable diversion, *The Extra Girl*, all laid end to end as Motion Picture Art —and all run arbitrarily at "sound speed" (24 frames per second) which turns a superb and significant spectacle like *Intolerance* into a jerky incomprehensibility.

AT THIS RATE, years hence PBS will be scurrying around to find prints of Television Art, and (to confine myself to recent shows) hopefully come up with the time Carol Burnett did a marvelous Busby Berkeley spoof, "43rd Street," or the night Mary Tyler Moore's boss had to take over on-camera news duties during a strike, or Dick Van Dyke took up motorcycling and found himself (he thought) dying in the desert, or the recent *Gunsmoke* on which well-intentioned whites nearly kept an ancient Indian from dying in dignity, or find anything in which actors like William Windom or Geraldine Brooks or Lee



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Grant or Charles Aidman build strong, sometimes touching, characterizations out of little more than the devices of a melodramatic plot.

Personally I don't want to wait for such rediscoveries. I'll take my chances on Channels 2, 4, 7, et al., and watch such small, unembarrassed examples of TV art right now. □

## DELECTATIONS

BRAD EVANS

# Greek Gorge

There is no better way—and may Bacchus desert and the bottom fall out of Diogenes' tub if I'm wrong—to arrive at an impression of Greece than through the manifold exertions of a sturdy palate. For here there is more to delight the ingestive senses than that fine physician and redoubtable monk Rabelais would have imagined eating the fat tripes of coiros in Utopia on a Shrove Tuesday.

Athens, as might be expected, spreads before you on her patched skirts the full array of the country's delicacies. But the rocky hills of northern Greece and the stark precincts of Peloponnesia hold their local fare like culinary gems —for the digging.

When the dust of the excavations coats the tonsils, I have found no brisker remedy than to seek out a lowly tavern in a small town for bracing swallows of the produce of the local vineyards. Here there is not likely to be refrigeration and the sparkling stuff is brought from great wooden casks in the dark cellar—fetched in copper pitchers to the table.

Wine in Greece was traditionally contained within barrels the inside of which were coated with a resinous substance not, I imagine, unlike pine tar. The Greeks grew so fond of this taste that most wine here is stored similarly—and, to the benefit of inhabitants and guests alike, retains that broad, sharp *retzina* edge. The wine may be taken to best advantage with a liberal helping of *moussaka*, eggplant stuffed with ground meat and served oily, accompanied by a handful of dark, wet olives stored in open tins after being plucked from the trees that blanket the countryside.

In Ioannina there is fresh, twisted bread baked with so much egg and honey that it would be sinful to butter it. It is as sweet as, but not *more* sweet than, the local pastry specialty—a flaky, mouth-watering concoction crammed with fresh apple filling. Sweeter still is *Loucoum*, a jellied candy surrounding nuts and embellished with confectioner's sugar. Any local village will provide a white, sour goat cheese which should be coupled with a non-resinated, light red *domestica* and consumed on the way to Athens.

In Athens, a walk to any historical or archeological site will bring you past dozens of dark shops displaying in their depths foods designed to utterly ruin the best devices of the most rigorous ascetic: cheese pies with crusts that shame Paris and seem to be fresh all day; bulging sacks of pistachios and salted peanuts; almonds, roasted and sealed with honeycomb in a crackling honey cake. (The latter, I have found, may only be removed from your teeth by frequent applications of large quantities of a dry, white *retzina*.)

For those who manage to waddle back from such a walking tour, there is a perfect, quiet place to sit out the evening. A short drive to the ancient port of Piraeus will see you in one of Europe's most unique eating establishments.

*The Vassilena*, located in a workingman's neighborhood a few blocks from the docks, is a converted grocery store and bar which, according to its owner, has served substantially the same course since 1933—for, I might add, substantially the same price. It seats about 47 people.

Here, unlike the rest of this proud land, there really is no free choice. You eat what they bring—but never has gastronomic despotism been so benign.

A bottle of clear, cold, crisp, white *retzina* is brought. This magic vessel is no sooner emptied than it is replenished —a bottomless spring for your entire stay (which likely will be three to four hours).

You are next served fresh bread and a plate littered with live clams on the halfshell. To these apply the juice of fresh lime shipped in from the nearby groves along the Gulf of Corinth. If the clams do not wiggle it is probably advisable not to eat them.

On the heels of the clams comes a salad of enormous, fresh, firm tomatoes with brittle cucumber and slices of green pepper as large as muskmelon. The swarthy oil on the salad makes way for a plate of meaty, brown olives which in turn put a light coat on your throat in preparation for anchovies as tangy as a Spartan salt vat.

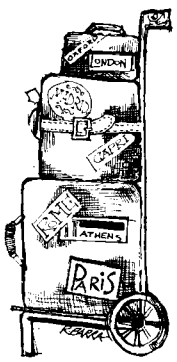
Vine leaves, broiled tender and packed with hot rice, arrive with sautéed octopus tentacles (complete with suckers) in an unobtrusively seasoned butter sauce that catalyzes the little denizen's sea flavor.

Onion-laden head cheese, chick-pea salad and generous slices of mild bleu cheese allow you a moment to catch up on the wine. After the pause, you are mercifully assaulted by warm platters of whole fried small fishes. These are devoured totally and the heads, soaked with even more lime juice, are as crunchy as the bones are tender.

Shrimp join the fray languishing in a thick, slightly sweet, yellow cheese sauce interspersed with lively chunks of semisweet pickle.

Then entire squids themselves are delivered, fried in olive oil—as exuberant and tasty as their cousins, only chewier.

AT THIS POINT, smear the squid sauce on more fresh bread, freshen your tongue with sustained pulls at the wine and here come the Vienna sausages with no juices to compete with the succulent chunks of perfectly warmed flesh. The plump sausages give way to delicate pastries which envelop spiced ground pork gingerly fried in oil.




By this time, fish—bigger ones with inedible heads—are ready and the meat falls to the plate with the gentlest stroke of your fork.

Following the old Oriental practice, the next course is a wispy lemon soup to facilitate digestion. Half a chicken —basted in its juices—surprises you in the wake of the soup and, after wine to wash down the fowl, mounds of great, green grapes over ripe, Olympian pears.

The wine is all that remains and is all that will go down. Following the old Occidental practice that wine eases the digestion—and just about everything else—you stay close to it for another half-hour in stupefied satiation and then, if possible, hoist and leave.

Having thus sampled the Grecian cuisine, there remains—for one who would augment his knowledge of this delirious realm—only the assurance that all the Grecian wines (or most) meet



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the same agreeable standards of those already enjoyed.

Indeed, then, if it is September, there is a worthwhile pilgrimage to be made to the grounds of the former residence of the good friars of Dafni. For a nominal admission, sixty varieties of Grecian wine are on unlimited tap from wooden casks. Work the spigots diligently and you will find, I think, that those vintages which at first smack strongest of *retzina* are, in the last draught, the tastier, the more satisfying and the easier on your stomach. I prefer even those whose bouquets are initially indistinguishable from airplane glue to those more voluptuous *domesticas* which, after a flagon or two, begin to reek of Vermouth.

The wine and the food are palatable in a special way, too, because of the people. Unlike many of their churlish neighbors, the good humor of the Greeks seems to flow from an inexhaustible flask.

As a fellow just-arrived shouted to me during a ferociously lively folk dance at the wine festival: "For a country with such a government, the people here sure do have fun!" I think he'd been reading too many American newspapers. □

**REYNOLDS**

(Continued from page 213)

no inviolable law in Red China. People are rewarded and punished, not according to predictable rules, but by the caprice of the privileged hierarchy. Though thousands of military men are everywhere, especially in business management and in the Party Central Committee (65 per cent military), it cannot even be safely said that there exists this crudest form of "order." Many China analysts believe that Peking is in the grip of a critical power struggle, and that the radicals who were banished to the communes in 1969 may stage a comeback.

A final misleading aspect of tourist accounts is the rosy platitudes which, on close inspection, say absolutely nothing. John Saar, in *Life* (April 30, 1971), tells us "the Chinese people smile easily and appear to be reasonably content with life." Life goes on—despite hardship and oppression. The majority of people under any tyranny have also appeared reasonably content (though Red China does face the embarrassing escape of fifty to one hundred persons a day into Hong Kong). Contentment without choice is an appropriate goal for a cow, but humanity and civilization demand something more.

Raymond Whitehead, in the *Christian Science Monitor* (September 8, 1971), says: "The whole country seems to be working together." This is simply a figure of speech, of course, though it is true in the same sense that it would be true of a prison road gang. Still, the notion conflicts sharply with other impressions, such as John Gittlings' observation of a showplace factory: "In some shops there were idle machines and workers who did their jobs with sullen slow motion."

Ross Terrill is especially poetic:

> For the Western visitor the Bund (Shanghai's waterfront) is nothing. Yet the fact that *he* is nothing as he wanders unheeded proves that what was once a preserve where he felt his authority now belongs to the Chinese people. And, there is an obvious, to some people moving, egalitarianism in the social relationships of these streets and parks. Of course it is "dull" for the spender or the adventurer. Justice is not necessarily exciting, and it is the face of international and social justice which smiles behind the blandness of the Shanghai Bund.

What a lovely bunch of slush that is! Terrill didn't become "nothing" by wandering on the Bund (though he came dangerously close by writing that paragraph). There is no "egalitarianism" in Red China, but rather a sharp tripartite class distinction with party and military hierarchy at the top, the urban proletariat in the middle, and the vast mass of peasants at the bottom. The fact that peasant labor is used as a punishment for political unreliables is tacit admission that 80 to 85 per cent of the population is doomed to continual punishment. And what on earth can "social justice" mean in the context of a regimented government by indoctrination and violent whim?

At least part of what a visitor to Red China *should* observe is an essentially elitist situation, where the great bulk of the Chinese people have been compelled to work very hard for barest subsistence so that Peking and military production could flourish. Parallels with Goebbels' propaganda efforts in Nazi Germany, or with Stalin's Russia, could well be drawn. Instead, we are confronted with an enormous literature of gullibility. It is one thing to see and report, it is quite another to interpret, evaluate and understand. □

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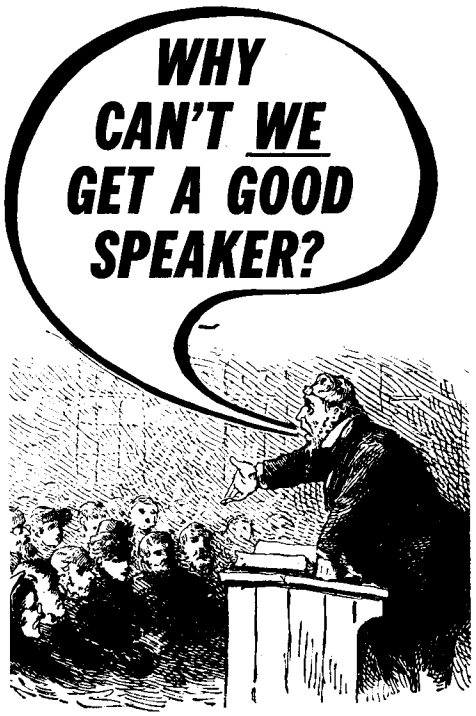


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## WITTFOGEL

(Continued from page 216)

name, was a machine-gunner. In September 1960, having returned from a leave spent with his family, and being deeply disturbed by the "grain" (read: food) situation, he repeated a remark he had heard during his stay: "Some people are saying in China there once appeared a Sun Chung-shan (Sun Yat-sen), and the grain was piled sky-high."[12] Recalling that Sun Yat-sen wanted to give the land to the tillers and that on Taiwan the Nationalists have done just this, it is hardly surprising that the subjects of the Peking regime see Dr. Sun as the symbol of the people's well-being—and not Mao Tse-tung who, after giving the peasants *some* land, promptly took all land away from them.

The soldier who made the Sun Yat-sen remark did not survive. He died, allegedly, a suicide. But the issue he raised did not die. After three years, when corpses in the great Mainland famine were "piled sky-high," Mao's regime had to abandon several tenets of its agrarian policy, including its extreme resistance to private plots. The famine receded, but the crisis did not end. It did not end, even when Mao made radical changes in his economic policy as well.

His earlier emphasis on heavy industrialization gave way to industry oriented toward the promotion of agriculture. Instead of shifting labor power from the countryside to urban areas, as Stalin did after the collectivization of Russia's *extensive* agriculture, Peking ordered some twenty million townspeople to the villages so that the country's intensive agriculture could be kept going. In addition to the millions of women mobilized for farm work, hundreds of thousands of students were forced to the villages where they still assist the rural producers who previously needed no outside help. Soldiers, who also had to assist the villagers, were compelled, in addition, to grow their own food. Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times* observed that they are still doing this in 1971, but he seems not to understand the political meaning of what he saw, that, for instance the Nationalist government of Taiwan and the government of Japan actually feed their soldiers from an increasingly productive agriculture without forcing them to do farm work.

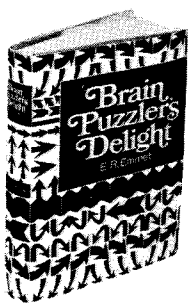
12. WB p. 358.

Until the famine, the Peking regime exported 1.1 to 1.7 million tons of grain annually. But in 1961, the Chinese Communists were compelled to add the *importation* of grain to their other emergency measures. At the end of the famine these grain imports exceeded their exports by some four to five million tons,[13] and the fact that Peking imported about four million tons of grain in 1971 indicates that even today when the "green revolution" is spectacularly benefiting several non-Communist Asian countries, Communist China still suffers its creeping agrarian crisis.

The rural producers of Mainland China are voting with their hands. They, like the toilers in the industrial centers, are still giving the hated regime as little support as they can. If today they could freely vote whether they prefer to cultivate Mao Tse-tung's collectivized fields or their own, in the fashion of the peasants of Taiwan, I am convinced they would start a gigantic stampede to those areas where they could be peasant farmers and respected as such—away from the man, self-styled "liberator" of the peasants, who has ended by destroying them. □

13. Wittfogel 1971, p. 53.


# Brain Puzzler's Delight

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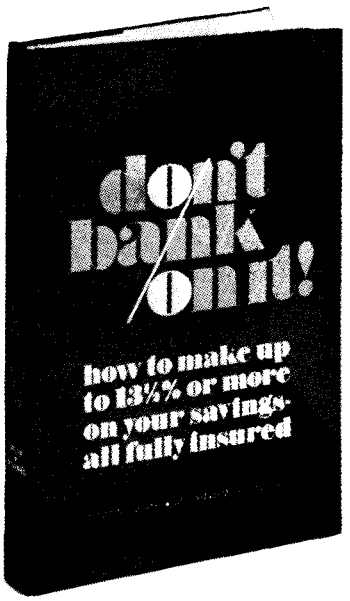


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### About the Authors

**Martin J. Meyer** is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

**Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr.,** recently elected President of the World Health Organization, was Secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government service with the Economic Cooperative Association.

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L. Mendel Rivers:

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Consideration of the defense budget, contrary to what some would have us believe, is not a question of assigning relative priorities between defense and domestic programs. Decisions on the defense budget should be based on the simple question of national survival and nothing more.



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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 194)

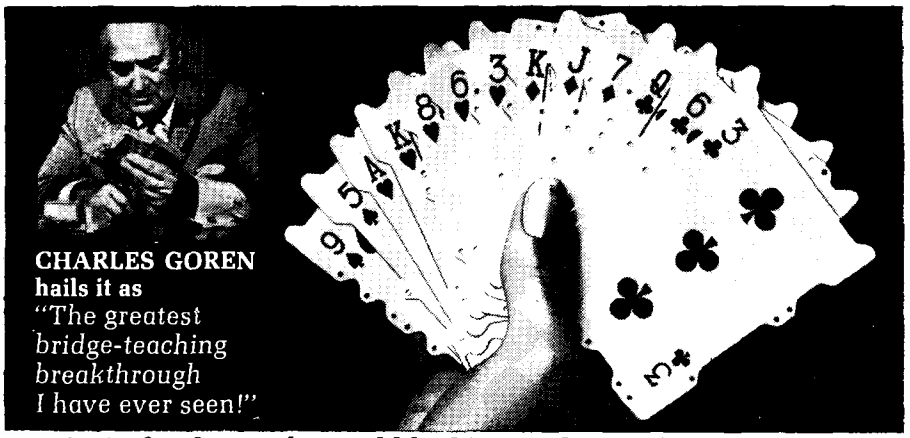
flation is appropriately discounted for.

Given present political conditions, under which public opinion will not tolerate substantial unemployment for any length of time, there are intense political pressures on those in power to reduce the rate of unemployment below the equilibrium rate, if the equilibrium rate is above the rate the public will abide. If there is unemployment because unions have forced money wages up to a level too high for all those who wish to be employed at those wages to be employed in the unionized sector, the rate of unemployment can be reduced if the real value of those money wages is reduced through inflation. As long as it is not fully anticipated, inflation reduces the real value of the money wages that the unions bargained for enough to reduce the rate of unemployment below the equilibrium rate. When inflation is correctly anticipated, however, unions insist on increases in money wages sufficient to offset the expected inflation. Therefore, since expected inflation will not affect real wages, neither will it affect the rate of unemployment.

This explanation is consistent with recent experience. During the period 1961-1964, there was essentially no inflation, but the rate of unemployment remained over 5 per cent. To reduce unemployment below 5 per cent required that real wages in the unionized sector be reduced—or, more precisely, increase at a reduced rate. That is, it required an unanticipated inflation. Rapid expansion of the money supply by the Federal Reserve Board, the 1964 tax cut, and the explosion of federal spending—domestic and military—combined to produce the inflation which began in 1965. While the inflation was unanticipated it was accompanied by a steady decline in the rate of unemployment to just over 3 per cent in early 1969. By 1969, when the inflation was already being discounted for, to have maintained the rate of unemployment at its existing level would have required an accelerating inflation. Mr. Nixon, therefore, cannot justly be held responsible for all of the increase in unemployment over which he has presided. Even without an effort by Mr. Nixon to reduce the rate of inflation, the rate of unemployment would have had to increase as the inflation ceased to be unanticipated.

Therefore I agree with Mr. Reynolds that unions do not "cause" inflation. If those in power did not choose to pursue expansionary monetary and fiscal policies there would be no inflation. But unions *do* create a situation in which inflation becomes the optimal short-run (i.e., until the next election) political strategy. And in politics—certainly, much more than in economics—in the long run we are all dead; or at least out of office.

*Tujunga, Calif.* DAVID GLASNER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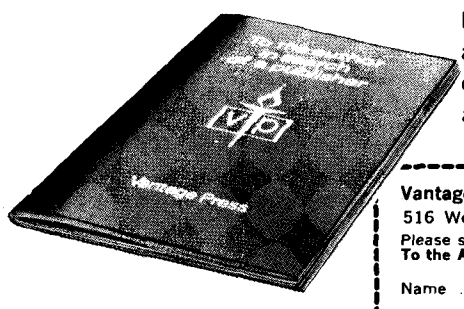

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# On The Right

## India—I

*Bombay*, Feb. 4—The mood here is triumphantly anti-American, and it suddenly occurs to you that there is very little America can do which is quite so much appreciated as giving a people a good excuse for being angry and condescending toward America. Hating America is fun. In India it has been an exhilarating experience, a great catharsis. I cannot imagine that India would be as pleased with herself today if the United States had backed her during the war with East Pakistan, instead of—to use the celebrated word—"tilting" toward Pakistan.

No doubt about it, U.S. policy during the nine-month crisis was inept. One Administration spokesman muttered privately that the best that could be said of it is that the White House transformed a catastrophe into a defeat.

The Indians arrange their arguments as follows:

—The Pakistan government launched a program of genocidal proportions upon discovering, after the elections of December 1970, that the majority of the inhabitants of East Pakistan desired, in effect, to separate their state from West Pakistan.

—The United States has patronized Pakistan over the years, ever since in the Fifties Pakistan agreed to serve as the Central Asian link between SEATO and CENTO, the tiara of treaties stretching from New Zealand to England that crowned the diplomacy of John Foster Dulles. Therefore, it was distinctly America's responsibility to put pressure on the Paks to stop their killings and to yield to the verdict of the Eastern plebiscite.

—Meanwhile, the pressures on India progressed toward intolerability. Ten million refugees flowed out of East Pakistan, causing great dislocations in the neighboring Indian states.

—Then (so the story goes), early last December, the Pakistani air force initiated an action which could only be considered as an aggression on Indian territory. That left the Indians with no feasible alternative than to launch their "war of liberation." To have done this was quite noble enough—after all, India had nothing to gain except the relief that would result from repatriation to Bengal of refugees. To do all this while the United States was yapping at their heels, sponsoring anti-Indian resolutions in the United Nations, bringing a United States aircraft carrier ostentatiously into the Indian Ocean, and conducting highest-level meetings at which Henry Kissinger, speaking for the President, actually moralized against the Indian position—well, it was too much to bear.

The narrative is of course incomplete.

The Pakistani repression was hideous and flatly indefensible. A lady, allegedly well-informed, told me that the Paks had killed three million people in East Pakistan between March 25 and liberation day on December 17. I hope and pray that she exaggerates, and I thought to ask her how come Mrs. Gandhi, on her official visit to Washington in November, did not call public attention to the scale of the horror.

AND THEN, isn't it likely that the White House had perforce a larger set of considerations to consult than the old Muslim-Hindu rivalries—when, for instance, it moved the carrier *Enterprise* to the Indian Ocean? There are those in India who fancy such explanations for this maneuver—and indeed for the whole "tilt" of U.S. policy—as that Richard Nixon, lonely and climbing his way laboriously up the great ladder in the middle Sixties, was treated perfunctorily while visiting in India, majestically while visiting in Pakistan. For this he summons the *Enterprise*? To remind Indian royalty that they once had treated him as a poor boy?

There have got to be other explanations, if we are willing to assume that the President of the United States and his closest advisers are not mad. Such explanations have to do, of course, with the implicit American guarantee that Soviet client-states will not be free to develop into licentious juggernauts, when fueled by victories such as the Indian army enjoyed in East Pakistan, lurching hither and yon, like cargo come loose in the hold of a freighter. "Express News Service, *Patna*, January 17. Defense Minister Jagjivan Ram said here today that . . . the prime minister, with her 'strong flair for correct judgment,' had told him soon after the surrender of the Pak forces in Dacca that she desired to announce a unilateral ceasefire. Mr. Ram confessed that at first he was doubtful about the soundness of this move, particularly because arrangements had been made to rush troops from the Bangladesh sector in the western theater of war 'for the final kill.'" There you have it. □

## INDIA—II

*New Delhi*, Feb. 6—It was an intellectual, not Gunga Din, who told me, his eyes alight, that this was the first real war that India had fought, that the others didn't really count because they were primarily factional, or unsuccessful, for reasons which are now extraneous. This was the war that India won, against the Pakistani, without any help from the United States. What happened, he explained, was that after the humiliations of 1962 when the Chinese Communists easily had their way during the great border dispute, it began to dawn on India that the age of Nehru was passing.

In due course Nehru died. A close study of the failures of the Indian army in 1962, and of Indian diplomacy, suggested the wave of the future. And, when tested last December, the Indians proved victorious.

It was a conclusive military victory. The implications of it, as they are understood by Indian enthusiasts, are immense. India (you will hear) is the fourth major power on earth, after America, Russia and China. Far more important than Japan, because—as someone put it—Japan's umbilical cords are too easily cut. India, with her enormous population (550 million), her natural resources and her strategic situation, can't help, particularly now that she has been annealed by victory, from emerging as a great power.

That was a highbrow talking. Listen to how it comes through as rendered by the cheering section. The cult of personality is hard at work in India. Listen.



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"How . . . did this miracle—for no less it was—come about? Can that frail, modest little lady of New Delhi conceivably play Chanakya to Morarji and Yahya, Nixon and Mao, alike? Or can there be a hidden deus ex machina, god from the machine, somewhere behind all this political skill and diplomatic strategy?

"The answer is simple and uncomplicated. Yahya blurted it out when he referred to his formidable adversary as 'THAT WOMAN!'; and Mujib acknowledged it when he saluted her as India's 'magnificent prime minister . . . who is not only the leader of men but also of mankind.' "

Mankind is a whole lot to be the leader of, but as by now we have guessed, it isn't a bird, or a plane, "It is Indira Nehru Gandhi, alone and herself, who accomplished it all. For Indira is Gandhi plus Nehru: Jawaharlal's sense of history, foresight and idealism mixed with Mahatma's wisdom, acumen and capacity for ruthless action—a formidable combination."

LAST YEAR, after 25 years of independence and socialism, with a population of 550 million people, India produced as many automobiles as the United States produced in 1908. The roadworker down the street from where I write, is working an eight-hour day for 3 rupees, or 36 cents. After years of socialized efforts, this monstrously large nation exports less than Formosa, whose population is about 2.5 per cent India's. If you want to buy a motorbike in India, all you need to do is amass $750 and wait ten years.

Those who take comfort by remarking that all that deprivation has served to finance great spiritual and intellectual progress, are unconvinced by the figures. Seventy per cent illiterate. An international record of nonviolence framed by Nehru's refusal to condemn the Soviet invasion of Budapest, his own military annexation of Goa, and Mrs. Gandhi's refusal to heed the ceasefire petition of the General Assembly when asked to stay her hand in East Pakistan.

The scale of it all, and the contradictions, overwhelm. Socialism in order to achieve progress: yet the growth in per capita was negative during the years 1965-1969. And since then, it has risen only exiguously. Socialist Nirvana.

Culturally, the country is wobbly. Intensive nationalism, under Nehru, caused them to give up English as a required language in the schools, and the estimate is that five years hence, even as lingua franca, the English language will cease to serve, irreversibly. There are fourteen other languages, and Hindi, the principal of them, is spoken by only 25 per cent. Television is only in New Delhi, has not yet spread. Xenophobic economics frighten away many potential investors. The accumulated difficulties of poor India, so put upon by history and nature, explain, a little, the special, elated meaning for her of the dramatic events of last December. □

## KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

*Rougemont*, Feb. 18—There is no reason that I know of to suppose that Princeton University is any more, or for that matter any less, sensible than any other university of its approximate size, and therefore the credit obviously goes to the entrepreneurs—in this case, the two or three undergraduates whose zeal and ingenuity are primarily responsible for the restoration of ROTC. Not quite the way it was before, when credit was given to undergraduates who took ROTC courses, and when instructors had faculty status. But ROTC is back on the campus, and if one looks for a symbolic close to the era of the great campus madness of the late Sixties, the development at Princeton will do as well as anything else.

The undeniable reason why Princeton is thus honored is that it is there that a young man from Ohio elected to go to college. T. Harding Jones, who graduates this year, matriculated in the fall of 1968, the most tumultuous year in recent American history. In his sophomore year, reacting to President Nixon's incursion into Cambodia, undergraduate hell's angels firebombed the ROTC building. The very next day, with the deliberation which it is the purpose of higher education to inspire, the august Princeton University Council, which is made up of students, faculty, administration, staff and alumni, and is presided over by the president himself, assembled; and panicked by 28 to thirteen to "determine ways to sever any association whatsoever with the Reserve Officer Training Corps." I like that "whatsoever." That's the word you use when you wish publicly to blush about a past affiliation. Princeton University, in protest against the sanest military decision reached in Indochina in a decade, wished forever to cut any bond it had with the military.

Heroic pronouncements of such categorical ambition have, however, a way of being inconvenient. For one thing, there were the students, enrolled in ROTC, whose subsidies from the government were crucial to their continuing at Princeton. Principle is one thing. But principle that costs money is something else altogether, and so the "whatsoever" was attenuated, and it was accepted that absolute severance would coincide with the ending of existing contracts with ROTC.

Shortly thereafter, young Jones and his confederates Andy Napolitano and Dean Cheely, reminded the student council of the recent enactment that on important questions, the entire student body of Princeton should be consulted —you know, like South Vietnam. The point was made, and a plebiscite duly scheduled on the question: "Should ROTC be retained at Princeton as a non-credit activity?" Non-credit activity means only two things: a) no academic credit, b) no professorial status for instructors.

Meanwhile, the point had here and there been suggested, by Mr. Jones and fellow travelers in sanity, that it is incongruous, in the name of freedom, to deny to a student the right to do what that student chooses to do. If a student should be free to dally with the Weathermen in his free time, why should he not be free to dally with the organization of which Washington, Lee, MacArthur, Truman, Eisenhower and John Kennedy were members? The Jones organization set up a front group and on the day of the vote took out a full-page ad in the student newspaper, which included the seductive phrase, "The military needs a liberal influence now more than ever. College students can best influence it through ROTC." And the vote went in favor of retention, 1,239 to nine hundred and forty-five. The faculty, needless to say, went on to vote against ROTC. But, a fortnight ago, the trustees voted to ratify student preferences, so that now it can be said that, at Princeton, ROTC lives.

WE HAVE, of course, the culture lag. Yale and Harvard are behind. Because of the inertial bind of yesterday's flash superstitions, the gentry there are still imprisoned by the antimilitarism whose only meaning is to deprive students of such alternatives to the draft, or of such preferences as they might exercise, if the colleges gave them the freedom of choice. No doubt, in due course, the other colleges will come around to the point of respecting those dissenters who wish to plot their lives outside the dictates of the hysterical majority who reacted to Cambodia like old ladies to a mouse.

It is the Mario Savios and the Mark Rudds and the Jane Fondas who attract attention in the student world, but here's one for Jones—and how good it is that his name should be so suggestively commonplace. □

**(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. The later third name of Claudius Tiberius — 31 12 21 26 81 94 101 121 127 130 133

B. The Cubs' shortstop, 1929 World Series — 155 171 86 106 90 165 46

C. *Red Rosa's* surname — 168 142 68 206 6 119 157 162 92

D. Excited excessively — 42 74 79 84 210 222 5 30 45 27 54

E. An American Roman Catholic archbishop (1838-1918) — 195 113 75 32 97 149 78

F. An island just north of Queensland — 198 219 118 176 91 50 212 100

G. What one who lives in an apartment house is often called — 203 20 33 217 76 108 151 163 213 99 178 188

H. A type of will by which property goes goes to the natural objects of one's bounty — 216 156 25 143 4 55 187 175 185

I. A fixed route followed by ocean steamers — 9 16 37 47

J. A musician who appeared frequently on *Information Please* — 82 95 224 88 57 154

K. Unscramble DEER POP RYE — 93 13 19 39 60 102 123 29 67 80

L. The earlier third name of Claudius Tiberius — 111 3 87 205 207 234 44 52 62 72

M. An Italian anatomist (1524?-1574) — 161 182 153 194 225 14 59 126 145

N. Any of various basidiomycetous fungi — 117 146 180 181 129 193 135 158

O. Frequently — 24 36 41 49 66

P. What Lincoln was born in (had it been Lyndon Johnson, he would have helped his father build it!) — 125 137 23 64 179 191 147 211

Q. The opening phrase in a Gregorian chant — 132 22 103 61 105 109 131 139 170 183

R. What a victorious Bohemian chess player might say — 138 232 220 34 215

S. Name of two brothers, Greek patriots — 107 7 35 223 120 134 110 69 229

T. A National League outfielder, 1883-1890; later famous in a different field — 136 8 202 190 152 169

U. What much "Liberal" argument isn't — 214 2 11 37 63 199 226 104 115 144

V. Thibault's nom de plum (in full) — 65 18 53 58 85 98 112 186 140 148 167 177 189

W. A Greek historian (c. 460-c, 400 B.C.) — 218 43 51 122 128 150 164 184 200 40

X. Some equations, a metallic element, a shift, and a theory bear his name — 227 201 197 10 159 70 231 208

Y. A type of leather — 89 114 96 124 141 228 174

Z. A river in South Carolina — 172 209 73 116 230 196

x. An instrument used in the observation of clouds — 17 28 83 160 166 173 192 204 221 233

y. The office or dignity of a sovereign — 1 15 48 56 71 77

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 238 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 y | 2 U | 3 L | | 4 H | 5 D | 6 C | 7 S | 8 T | 9 I | 10 X | 11 U | 12 A | 13 K | | 14 M | 15 y | 16 I | 17 x |
| 18 V | 19 K | 20 G | 21 A | 22 Q | 23 P | | 24 O | 25 H | | 26 A | 27 D | 28 x | | 29 K | 30 D | 31 A | 32 E | 33 G | 34 R |
| 35 S | | 36 O | 37 U | 38 I | 39 K | 40 W | | 41 O | 42 D | | 43 W | 44 L | 45 D | 46 B | 47 I | 48 y | | 49 O | 50 F |
| 51 W | 52 L | 53 V | 54 D | 55 H | 56 y | 57 J | | 58 V | 59 M | 60 K | 61 Q | 62 L | 63 U | 64 P | | 65 V | 66 O | | 67 K |
| 68 C | 69 S | 70 X | 71 y | 72 L | 73 Z | 74 D | 75 E | | 76 G | 77 y | 78 E | 79 D | 80 K | 81 A | 82 J | | 83 x | 84 D | 85 V |
| 86 B | 87 L | 88 J | 89 Y | | 90 B | 91 F | | 92 C | 93 K | 94 A | 95 J | 96 Y | 97 E | 98 V | 99 G | 100F | | 101A | 102K |
| 103Q | | 104U | 105Q | 106B | 107S | | 108G | 109Q | 110S | 111L | 112V | 113E | 114Y | 115U | 116Z | | 117N | 118F | 119C |
| 120S | 121A | 122W | | 123K | 124Y | 125P | 126M | 127A | 128W | | 129N | 130A | 131Q | | 132Q | 133A | | 134S | 135N |
| 136T | 137P | | 138R | 139Q | 140V | 141Y | 142C | 143H | 144U | 145M | 146N | 147P | | 148V | 149E | 150W | | 151G | 152T |
| 153M | 154J | 155B | 156H | 157C | 158N | | 159X | 160x | 161M | 162C | 163G | | 164W | 165B | | 166x | 167V | 168C | 169T |
| | 170Q | 171B | 172Z | | 173x | 174Y | 175H | 176F | 177V | 178G | | 179P | 180N | | 181N | 182M | 183Q | 184W | 185H |
| | 186V | 187H | 188G | | 189V | 190T | 191P | 192x | 193N | 194M | 195E | 196Z | 197X | | 198F | 199U | 200W | | 201X |
| 202T | 203G | 204x | 205L | 206C | | 207L | 208X | 209Z | | 210D | 211P | 212F | 213G | 214U | 215R | | 216H | 217G | |
| 218W | 219F | 220R | | 221x | 222D | 223S | 224J | 225M | 226U | 227X | | 228Y | 229S | 230Z | 231X | 232R | 233x | 234L | |



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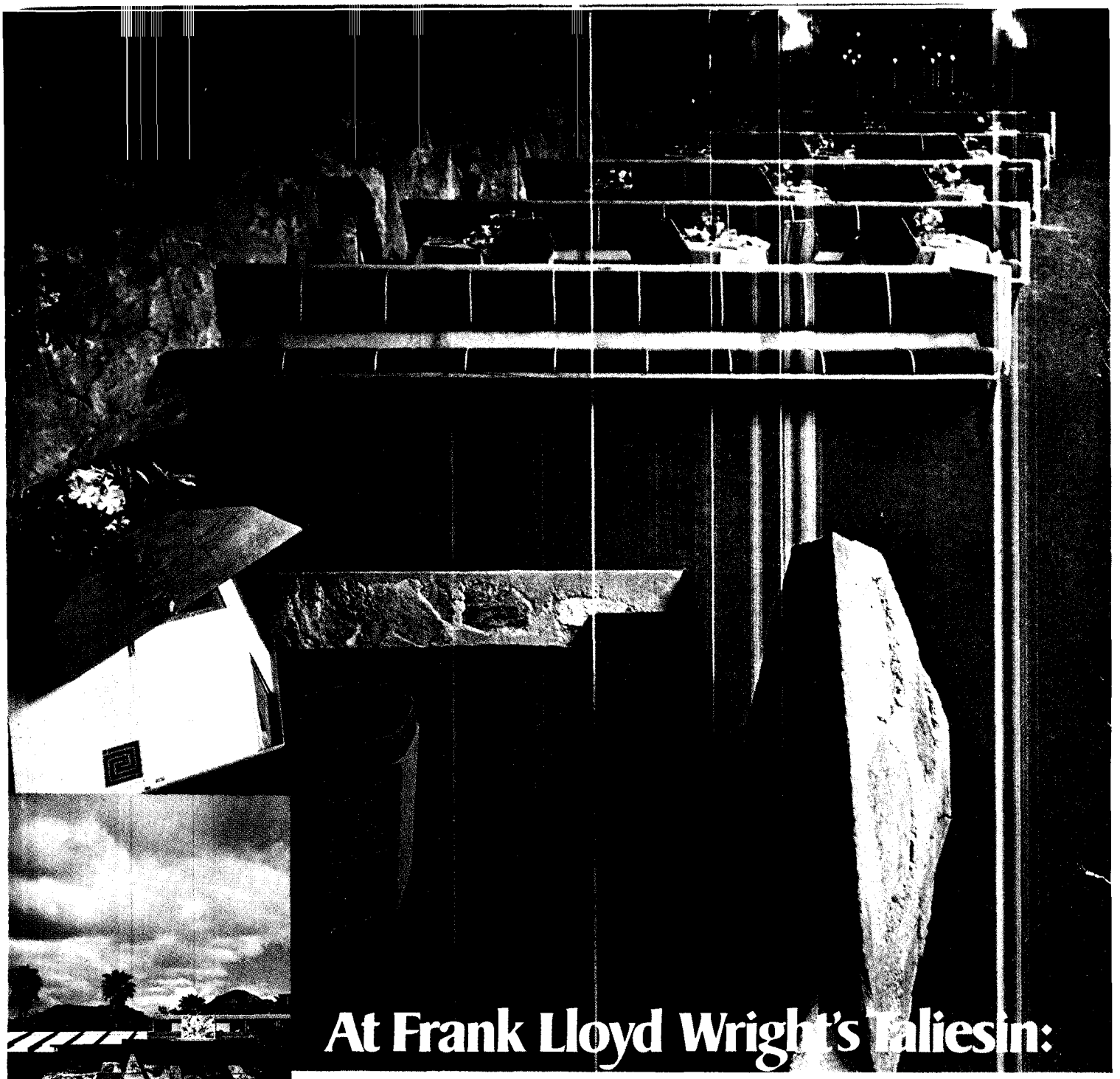

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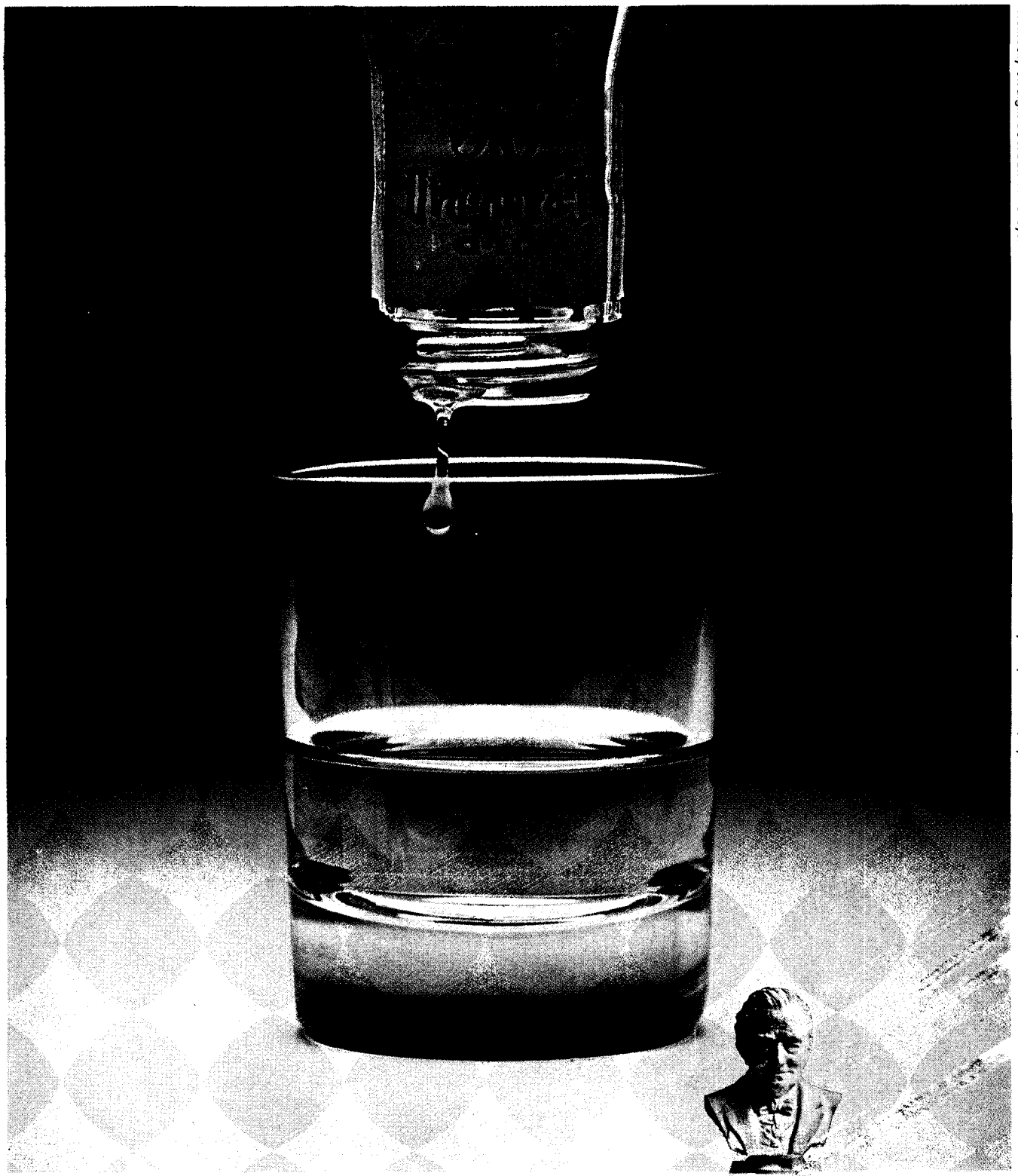
# THE GOOD STUFF.



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